SUPERMAN
No.75
BACK THE 5TH WAR LOAN!
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC
IND.
ACTION COMICS
AUG
10¢
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
KEEP UP WITH SUPERMAN IN THE CRACKPOT ADVENTURE OF "ÆSOP'S MODERN FABLES"

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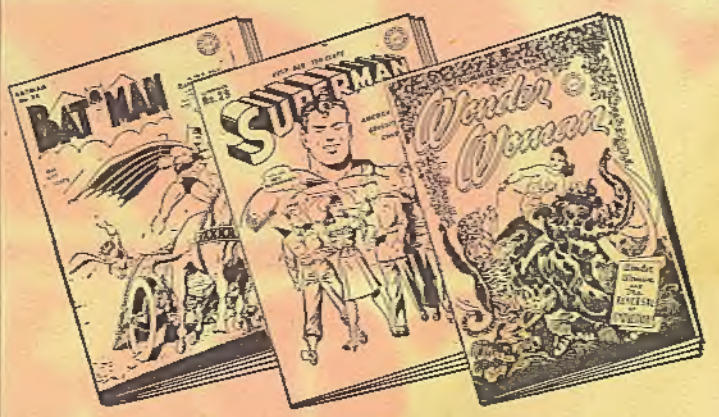
*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterlies; ALL-AMERICAN and FLASH COMICS will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year until further notice.

FOR SPINE-TINGLING ACTION...



OR RIB-TICKLING HUMOR...

LOOK FOR THIS SUPERMAN D-C SYMBOL!

A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION

Yes, that Superman D-C Symbol appears on the cover of twenty-one of the very best comics published ...ranging all the way from the action-packed adventures of Superman, Batman and other thrilling heroes to the laugh-loaded humor of Mutt and Jeff, The Three Musketeers, Dover and Clover and other ha-ha heroes. Whichever you prefer, you'll find your favorites in the comic magazines with the Superman D-C Symbol on the cover. Look for it!

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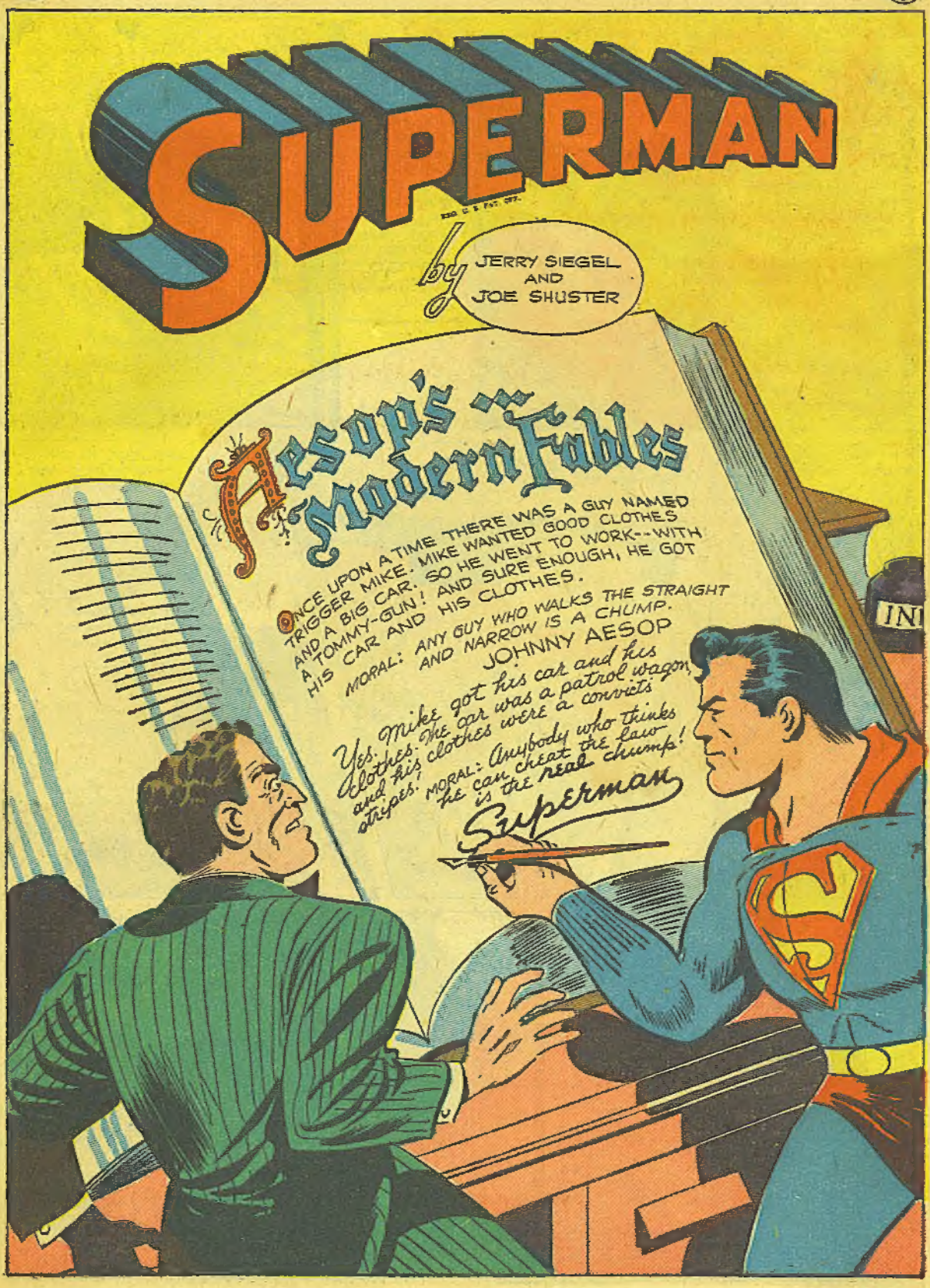

SUPERMAN
by JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
Aesop's Modern Fables
ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A GUY NAMED TRIGGER MIKE. MIKE WANTED GOOD CLOTHES AND A BIG CAR. SO HE WENT TO WORK--WITH A TOMMY-GUN! AND SURE ENOUGH, HE GOT HIS CAR AND HIS CLOTHES.
MORAL: ANY GUY WHO WALKS THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW IS A CHUMP.
JOHNNY AESOP
Yes, Mike got his car and his clothes. The car was a patrol wagon, and his clothes were a convicts stripes!
MORAL: Anybody who thinks he can cheat the law is the real chump!
Superman

ABOUT THE TIME 600 B.C. THERE LIVED A SLAVE NAMED AESOP WHO WOULD AMUSE THE KING'S COURT BY RELATING FABLES...
...AND THE ANT ANSWERED," PEOPLE WHO PLAY ALL SUMMER MUST EXPECT TO STARVE IN THE WINTER." AND THE MORAL OF THAT STORY, O KING, IS... "ALWAYS PUT ASIDE FOR A RAINY DAY!"
A SOUND PHILOSOPHY, AESOP!
ABOUT 2,000 YEARS LATER, A MAN NAMED AESOP— JOHNNY AESOP, TO BE EXACT, ALSO HAS AN INTERESTED AUDIENCE...
IT'S ALL SET! WE'RE CRASHIN' OUT O' HERE THE FIRST RAINY DAY!
HOW COME IT'S GOTTA BE A RAINY DAY?
WHEN I WAS IN THE HOSPITAL WARD THE LAST TIME MY HEADACHES WERE BOTHERIN' ME, I SNITCHED SOME CHEMICALS... I USED TO MAJOR IN CHEMISTRY IN SCHOOL... I MADE THESE CAPSULES! YOU WATCH 'EM ON THAT RAINY DAY WE'RE WAITIN' FOR!
TWO DAYS LATER-- THE RAINY DAY... AND—
IT'S A BREAK! AIM FOR THEIR LEGS!
WATCH THE CAPSULES, HIPPY!
THE CAPSULES PLOP OPEN! CHEMICALS AND RAIN WATER MIX! RESULT— A CHEMICAL REACTION... AND A SMOKE SCREEN!
HUH? HE PULLED A FAST ONE!
THAT'S RIGHT, COPPER! I REMEMBERED TO "PUT ASIDE FOR A RAINY DAY!" HAW! HAW!
TWO NIGHTS LATER... JOHNNY AESOP HAS A BIGGER AUDIENCE...
ALL MY LIFE, PEOPLE HAVE BEEN RIBBING ME ABOUT BEIN' NAMED AESOP, LIKE THAT GUY WHO TOLD FABLES! LIKE A SAP, I USED TO GET SORE...
...BUT I DID A LOT O' THINKIN' IN STIR AN' NOW I LIKE THE IDEA O' BEIN' CALLED AESOP... BECAUSE NOW I'M GONNA MAKE THOSE FABLES PAY OFF!

NEXT DAY... THE TOWN'S LEADING NEWSPAPERS RECEIVE...

When I was a kid I used to believe those fables and their morals. Now I'm wised up and I'm going to tell some fables but the morals ain't going to mean the same!

Remember that oldie, "SLOW AND STEADY WINS THE RACE" Ha! Ha! What a laugh!

Aesop

P.S. GUESS WHY I'M LAUGHING!

AESOP... JOHNNY AESOP.. THE ESCAPED PRISONER! HMMM! GOT ANY IDEAS, CHIEF?

YES, LOIS! "SLOW AND STEADY WINS THE RACE" IS THE MORAL OF THAT FABLE OF "THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE!" GET IT NOW?

THE ANNUAL SPEEDBOAT RACE! TIM O'HARE'S BOAT, "THE TORTOISE", IS THE FAVORITE TO WIN! SA-AY... I WANT TO SEE THAT RACE!

THEN YOU THINK AESOP WILL TRY TO STOP O'HARE'S "TORTOISE" FROM WINNING?

I DO! AND I'LL WAGER THAT AESOP BET BIG MONEY ON ANOTHER BOAT TO WIN WITH HIGH ODDS!... LOOK! THEY'RE OFF!

AND CLARK DOES.. WITH LOIS!

MOTORS SINGING, THE OUTBOARDS ROCKET OVER THE CHOPPY RIVER! AT THE TURN, O'HARE'S "TORTOISE" NOSES INTO THE LEAD...

ABRUPTLY!

LOIS! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO GET A FIRST HAND ACCOUNT OF WHAT HAPPENED FROM O'HARE! MAYBE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN IT, BUT WE WERE SENT TO GET A STORY!

IN A DARKENED ALCOVE, CLARK SHEDS GLASSES AND OUTER GARMENTS ... AND WITH THEM HIS MEEK MANNER.

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN LOIS' "DEMON REPORTER" ROLE MAKES IT VERY EASY FOR SUPERMAN TO APPEAR.

SOMEWHERE ON THE BANK OF THE RIVER...
HEY! NUMBER 6 IS TAKIN' DE LEAD OVER OUR NUMBER 3 GUY!
HE AIN'T GONNA BE IN DE LEAD LONG! OKAY, GUYS, SPILL HIM IN DE DRINK!
AND IN THE "DRINK"...
("--SO THAT'S HOW THEY DID IT! A THIN WIRE STRETCHED UNDER THE RIVER...AND JERKED UP WHEN THEY WANT TO SPILL A PARTICULAR BOAT!--")
("--THERE GOES NUMBER 6 STRAIGHT FOR IT! C'MON SUPERMAN... GIVE OUT WITH SOME SUPER-SWIMMING!--")
HEY!
HALP!
ULP!
OH!
COME ON IN! THE WATER'S FINE!
WITH THE SPEED OF A WELL-AIMED TORPEDO, SUPERMAN SHOOTS THROUGH THE WATER... AND FINDS HIS MARK!
JUMPIN' CATFISH! I WENT SO FAST, I'M LEAVING THE WATER!
6
BRRRR
OOH!
SOCK
OOOH!
ON SECOND THOUGHT I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD POLLUTE THIS CLEAN RIVER WATER!
4

POLICE AND EAGER REPORTERS CROWD ROUND AS SUPERMAN FROWNS AT THE COWED THUGS...
TALK FAST, OR I MAY LOSE MY TEMPER! WHERE IS JOHNNY AESOP HIDING OUT?
WOW! WHAT A HOT STORY!
(GULP) A-AT 45 DOVE STREET! (GULP)
BUT AT 45 DOVE STREET, SUPERMAN FINDS AN EMPTY ROOM... AND A NOTE...
One of my boys on watch, phoned me the news. Too bad, Superman I don't take chances. I don't believe in that old moral, "IT'S BEST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE," so I scrammed.
Aesop
LATER, AT THE PLANET OFFICE...
HELLO, SLOW-POKE! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
I JUST COULDN'T FIGHT MY WAY THROUGH THAT CROWD! I'M ALL IN... WHEW!
AND IN ANOTHER LOCALITY...
CHEE, SUPERMAN NABBED THREE OF OUR BOYS! GOLLY, JOHNNY, DO YA HAVE TO ADVERTISE YER JOBS BEFOREHAND?
OF COURSE I DO! IT'S GOOD PUBLICITY! HOW DO LITTLE PEOPLE WITH NO TALENT GET TO BE BIG SHOTS? PUBLICITY!
I'LL GET SO BIG EVEN SUPERMAN WILL BE AFRAID OF ME! I'LL GET LIKE THE PRANKSTER, THE PUZ... OHHH... MY HEAD... MY HEAD...
GETTIN' ONE OF THOSE HEADACHES AGAIN, BOSS? CHEE, I'LL GETCHA A ASPIRIN!
FEELIN' BETTER NOW, JOHNNY? MAYBE YA BETTER NOT PLAN ANOTHER JOB TODAY, HUH?
NO! "NEVER PUT OFF TILL TOMORROW WHAT YOU CAN DO TODAY!" WHERE'S SOME WRITING PAPER?
AND SO... AT THE DAILY PLANET... ANOTHER MESSAGE FROM AESOP...
Remember the fable of the Crow and the Pitcher? Remember the moral, "WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY?" I'm changing it to, "WHERE THERE'S A WILL --THERE'S A LEGACY!"
Aesop
5

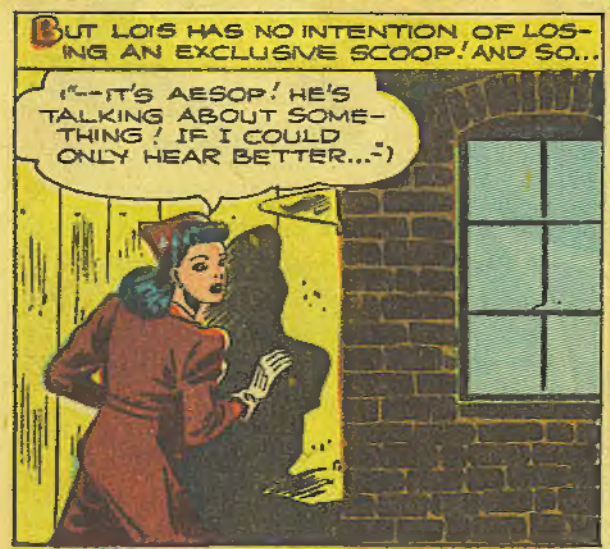
WILL? SAY, ISN'T THE ART COLLECTION OF THE LATE HIRAM GREENE BEING DISTRIBUTED ACCORDING TO HIS WILL TOMORROW?
SURE... THAT'S IT! I'LL NOTIFY THE POLICE! IF AESOP SHOWS UP HE'LL WALK RIGHT INTO A TRAP!
AND AESOP WILL LEARN "THE ONLY WAY TO GET RICH IS TO WORK HARD AND HONESTLY!"
NEXT DAY... A WARY CORDON OF POLICE SURROUND THE GREENE MANSION...
"...AND TO MY SON, ARTHUR FRANKLIN, I LEAVE THE RARE AND VALUABLE PERSIAN PEACOCK STATUETTE..."
ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL?
I'LL SAY IT IS! BUT REMEMBER THAT OLD MORAL, "WASTE NOT, WANT NOT!" WELL, IT'S WASTED ON ARTHUR...
CRASH!
OHH!
...AND I WANT IT!
HA! HA! "A BIRD IN HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH!" OUT O' THE WAY, CHUMPS!
OKAY, MEN... HOP ON YOUR MOTOR-CYCLES!
AND AS THE MOTORCYCLES ROAR AFTER THE ROCKETING RACING CAR, A NEW FIGURE JOINS THE CHASE--SUPERMAN!
I'M AFRAID THIS TIME AESOP SHOULD HAVE REMEMBERED, "ALWAYS LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP!" WE'VE GOT HIM NOW!
BUT SUDDENLY, FROM THE EXHAUST OF THE MIDGET RACING CAR -- GAS!
WHAT..?!!

SLEEPING GAS!
IT'S PUT EVERY DRIVER TO SLEEP! THOSE DRIVERLESS VEHICLES ARE GOING TO CAUSE TROUBLE... UNLESS I "STOP TALKING WHEN THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE!"
CLOSE!
THAT TRUCK OF EXPLOSIVES... HEADING DIRECTLY AT THE TROLLEY!
EXPLOSIVES
BROADWAY
A LITHE SPRING, AND SUPERMAN SNAGS THE TRUCK'S REAR BUMPER...
HIS STEEL FINGERS DIG INTO HARD PAVEMENT, RAKING HUGE FURROWS IN THE ASPHALT - TO BRAKE THE TRUCK TO A DEAD STOP!
SCRI-ICH!
THEN... A SUPER-TRAFFIC JOB!

AND LATER...
AESOP COUNTED ON MY STOPPING TO HELP! BUT WHEN I MEET HIM NEXT TIME, HE'LL BE COUNTING STARS!
AND IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, I HATE TO THINK OF WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED.

THE NEXT EVENING...AS LOIS STEPS FROM THE PLANET BUILDING...
YOU'RE MISS LANE, AREN'T YOU? WELL, I'VE GOT SOME INFORMATION FOR YOUR FRIEND, SUPERMAN!
OH...WELL YOU TELL IT TO ME AND I'LL PASS IT ON TO HIM!

OKAY! LAST NIGHT I SAW THAT AESOP GUY'S MIDGET RACING CAR PULL INTO A GARAGE ACROSS FROM MY HOUSE!
WHAT? WHERE DO YOU LIVE? TELL ME... AND..ER... I'LL TELL SUPERMAN!

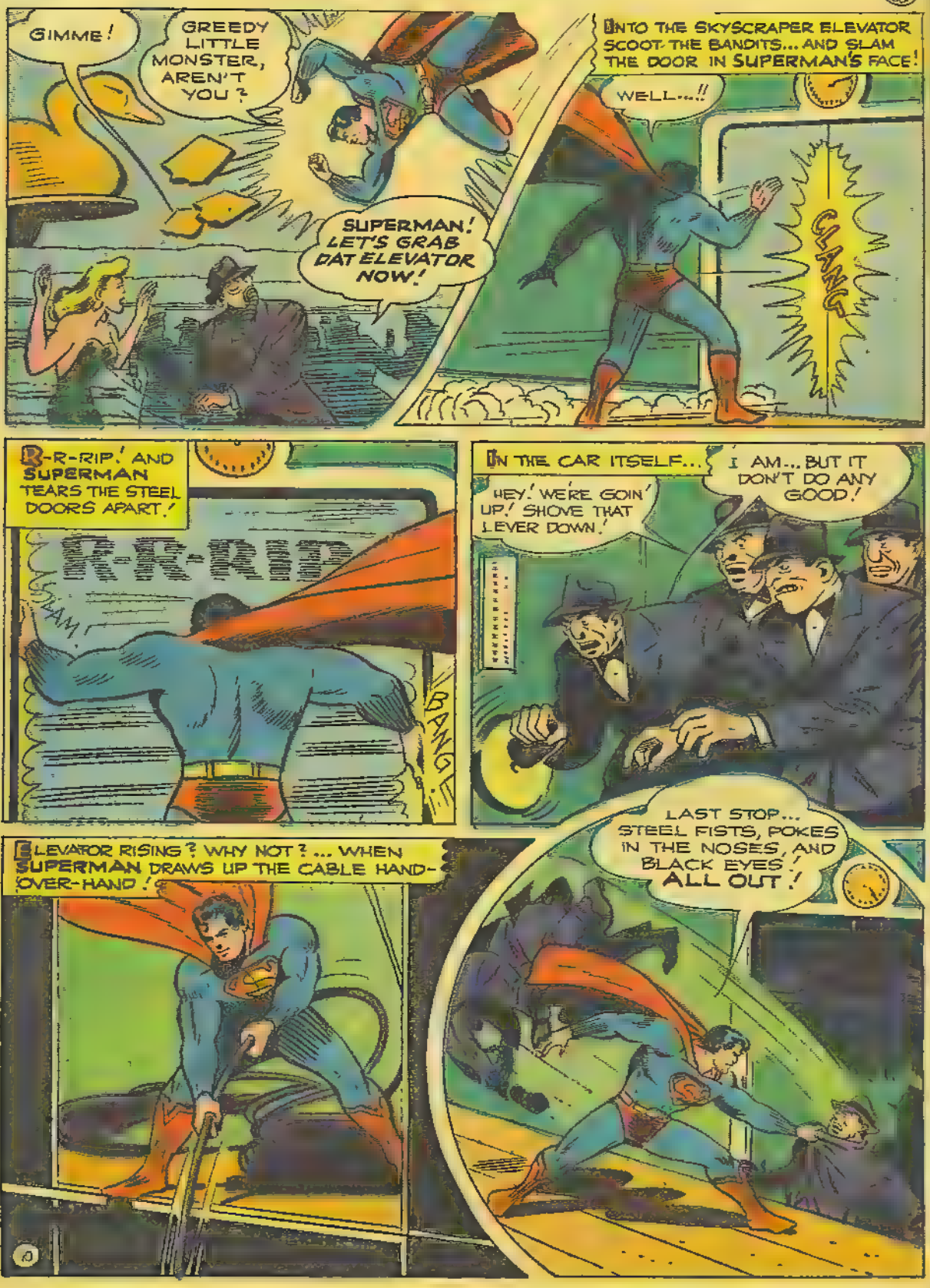

BUT LOIS HAS NO INTENTION OF LOSING AN EXCLUSIVE SCOOP! AND SO...
("--IT'S AESOP! HE'S TALKING ABOUT SOMETHING! IF I COULD ONLY HEAR BETTER...")

DON'T BE BASHFUL! COME ON IN!

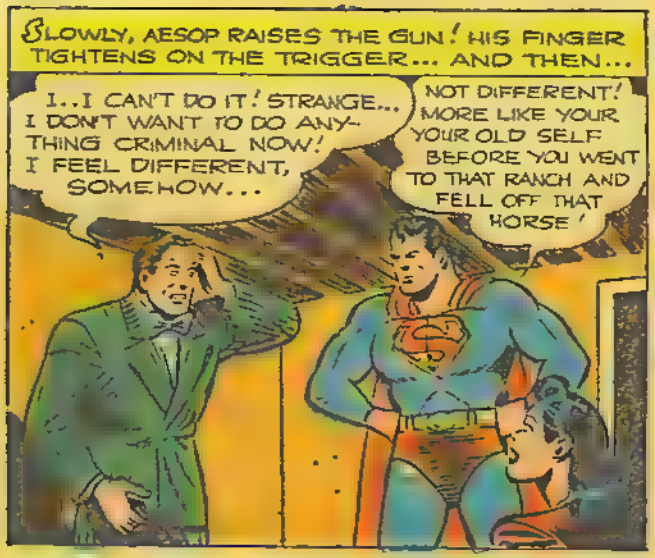
IT WAS A TRAP!
SURE! EVERYBODY IN TOWN KNOWS YOU'RE SUPERMAN'S GIRL FRIEND...AND CRAZY ABOUT GETTING SCOOPS! YA SHOULDA REMEMBERED THAT OLD MORAL, "BE CAREFUL HOW YOU FOLLOW THE INFORMATION OF PEOPLE WHOM YOU DO NOT KNOW!"
8

AREN'T YOU FORGETTING "A TRUE FRIEND WILL ALWAYS STAND BY HIS COMPANION IN DANGER?" WHEN SUPERMAN FINDS I'M MISSING, HE'LL SLAP YOU SILLY!
NO HE WON'T! HE WON'T LIFT HIS LITTLE PINKY AGAINST ME... 'CAUSE IF HE DOES, YOU GET SHOT FULL O' LITTLE HOLES! CATCH?

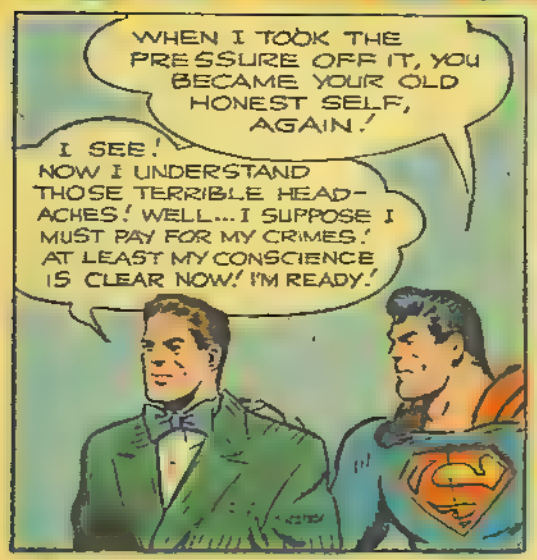
ACCORDINGLY, NEXT DAY...
...so tell SUPERMAN to stay away or his girl friend gets hurt! And by the way— think about the old fable of "THE GOOSE AND THE GOLDEN EGGS..." because I'm thinking about it now!
...
Aesop
THAT FABLE-SPOUTING BANDIT HAS LOIS! HE'S TIED OUR HANDS!
("--NOT MY HANDS! AND THEY'RE ITCHING TO GET TO WORK ON THAT RAT!--")
LATER... STEEL MUSCLES LAUNCH SUPERMAN ACROSS THE SKY!
I'LL HEED THE OLD MORAL, "BEWARE LEST YOU LOSE THE SUBSTANCE BY GRASPING THE SHADOW!" ONLY WAY TO GET AESOP IS TO FIND OUT THE SUBSTANCE THAT CASTS HIS SHADOW!
MOMENTS LATER... THE OFFICE OF THE PRISON WARDEN...
HERE IT IS..."JOHNNY AESOP... RECEIVED ONE YEAR FOR HOLDUP. BEFORE THAT NO CRIMINAL RECORD. WORKED FOR THE 'STONEY CAR DEALERS!"
THANKS!
STILL LATER... AT THE "STONEY CAR DEALERS"...
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! AESOP WAS ALWAYS A GOOD WORKER... UNTIL HE WENT ON HIS VACATION TO A RANCH OUT WEST! HE CAME BACK TWO WEEKS LATER... A CHANGED MAN!
HMM-M! INTERESTING! WHAT'S THE NAME OF THAT RANCH?...
THAT VERY NIGHT... ATOP METROPOLIS' HIGHEST SKYSCRAPER... IN THE CAFE SOCIETY NIGHT-SPOT, "THE GOLDEN GOOSE"...
OKAY, FOLKS, CATCH THE BALLOONS AND GET A PRIZE!
SUDDENLY AT VARIOUS TABLES, MEN BRING OUT BLOW GUNS... SHOOT NEEDLE-TIPPED DARTS... AND...
GAS!
COUGH! COUGH!
TEAR GAS!
9

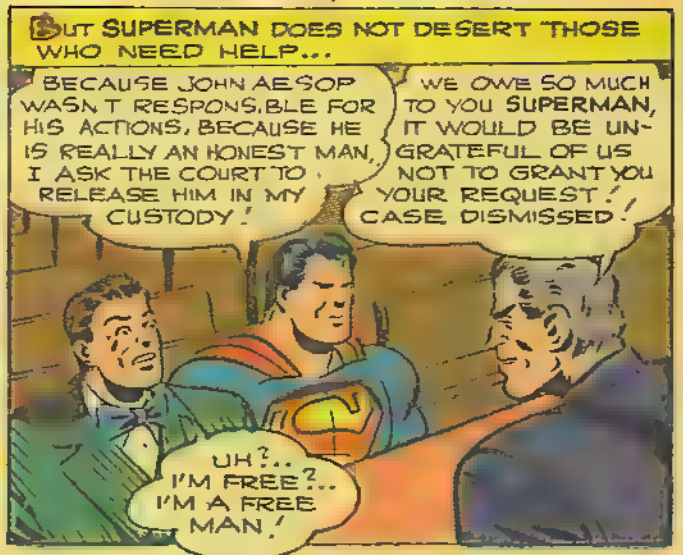

GIMME!
GREEDY LITTLE MONSTER, AREN'T YOU?
SUPERMAN! LET'S GRAB DAT ELEVATOR NOW!
INTO THE SKYSCRAPER ELEVATOR SCOOT THE BANDITS... AND SLAM THE DOOR IN SUPERMAN'S FACE!
WELL...!!
CLANG
R-R-RIP! AND SUPERMAN TEARS THE STEEL DOORS APART!
R-R-RIP
SLAM!
BANG!
IN THE CAR ITSELF...
HEY! WE'RE GOIN' UP! SHOVE THAT LEVER DOWN!
I AM... BUT IT DON'T DO ANY GOOD!
ELEVATOR RISING? WHY NOT? ... WHEN SUPERMAN DRAWS UP THE CABLE HAND-OVER-HAND!
LAST STOP... STEEL FISTS, POKES IN THE NOSES, AND BLACK EYES, ALL OUT!

ONE OF AESOP'S MORALS SAYS, "GENTLE PERSUASION OFTEN SUCCEEDS WHERE FORCE FAILS!" MAY I PERSUADE YOU TO TELL ME WHERE AESOP IS HOLDING LOIS ...OR MUST I USE FORCE?
(GULP) N-NO! HE'S GOT HER AT 105 BERRY STREET
105 BERRY STREET!
SEE KID, I'M SMART! I TAKE PRIDE IN MY WORK! I...
"PRIDE GOES BEFORE A FALL"... AND BOY, HOW YOU'RE HEADING FOR ONE!
OKAY, KID SPEED... STAY PUT OR YOU'RE GONNA START RACING A BULLET!
GET BACK OR... OH... IT'S STARTIN' AGAIN! THOSE BLASTED HEAD-ACHES... MY HEAD... MY HEAD...
OH.. MY HEAD'S SPLITTIN'... THAT BUZZIN' NOISE...
HERE...LET ME HELP... HMM-MM! JUST AS I SUSPECTED!
GENTLY BUT FIRMLY, SUPERMAN'S STRONG FINGERS GO TO WORK ON A SPOT ON THE MOANING MAN'S SKULL...
AT LAST HE STOPS... AND JOHNNY AESOP LOOKS UP...
HUH?.. THAT BUZZING... THAT TERRIBLE PAIN.. IT'S GONE! MY HEAD FEELS FINE NOW!
GOOD! HERE'S YOUR GUN BACK! LET'S TAKE UP WHERE WE LEFT OFF! YOU WERE ABOUT TO SHOOT LOIS...
SUPERMAN! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?

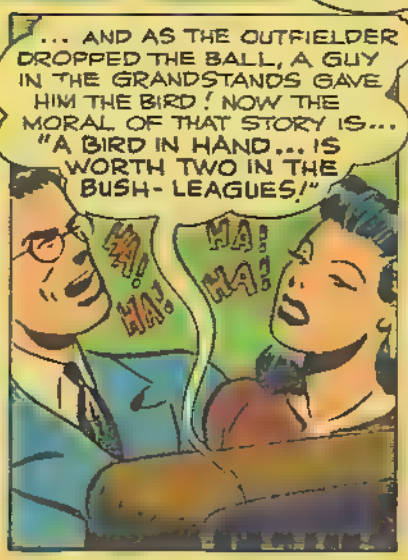

SLOWLY, AESOP RAISES THE GUN! HIS FINGER TIGHTENS ON THE TRIGGER... AND THEN...
I..I CAN'T DO IT! STRANGE... I DON'T WANT TO DO ANY-THING CRIMINAL NOW! I FEEL DIFFERENT, SOMEHOW...
NOT DIFFERENT! MORE LIKE YOUR YOUR OLD SELF BEFORE YOU WENT TO THAT RANCH AND FELL OFF THAT HORSE!

YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?
THEY TOLD ME OF YOUR FALL! WHEN YOU FELL, YOU INJURED YOUR SKULL... AND A BIT OF BONE PRESSED AGAINST YOUR BRAIN! THE BRAIN IS A DELICATE INSTRUMENT...

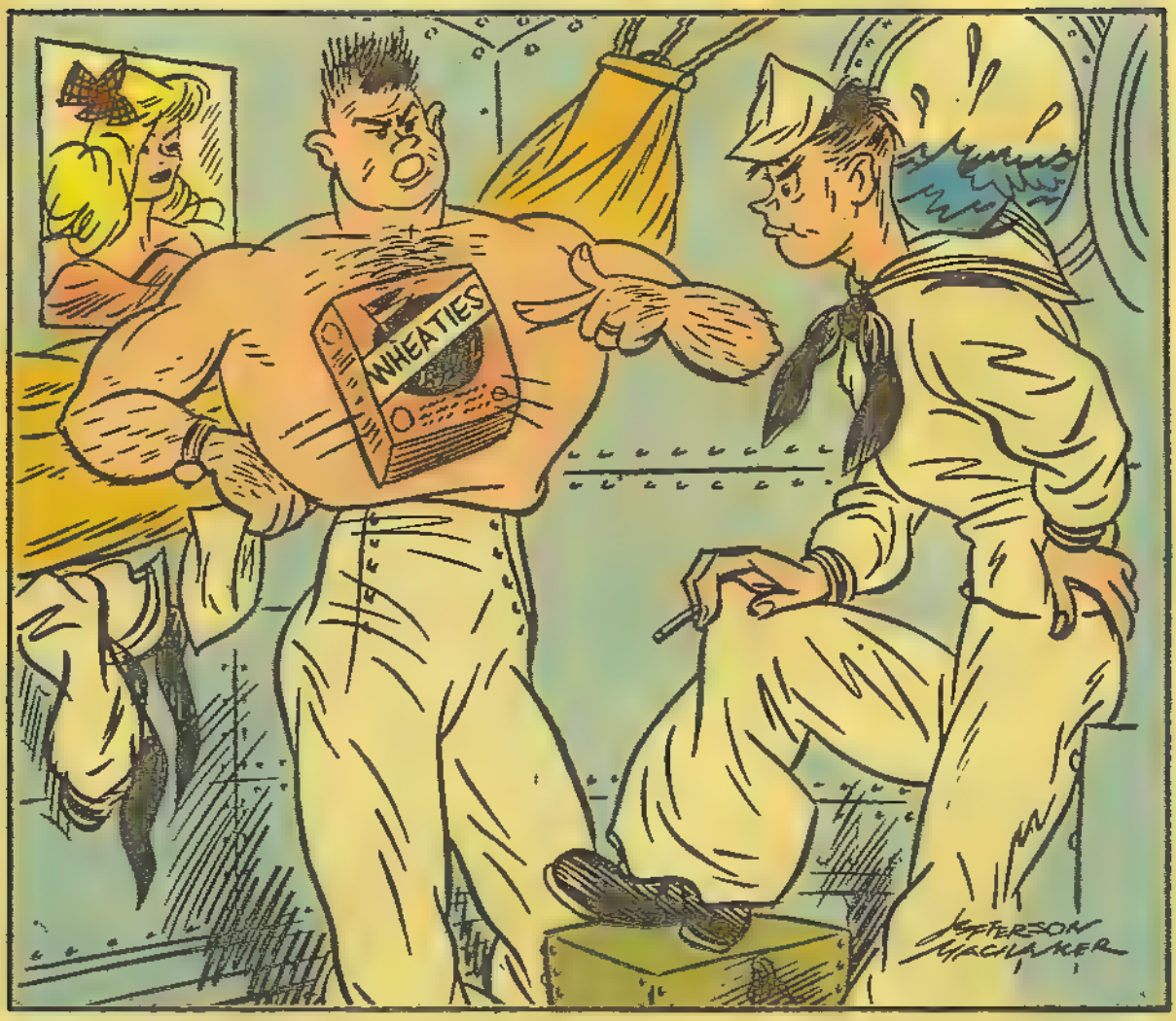

WHEN I TOOK THE PRESSURE OFF IT, YOU BECAME YOUR OLD HONEST SELF, AGAIN!
I SEE! NOW I UNDERSTAND THOSE TERRIBLE HEAD-ACHES! WELL... I SUPPOSE I MUST PAY FOR MY CRIMES! AT LEAST MY CONSCIENCE IS CLEAR NOW! I'M READY!


BUT SUPERMAN DOES NOT DESERT THOSE WHO NEED HELP...
BECAUSE JOHN AESOP WASN'T RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS ACTIONS, BECAUSE HE IS REALLY AN HONEST MAN, I ASK THE COURT TO RELEASE HIM IN MY CUSTODY!
WE OWE SO MUCH TO YOU SUPERMAN, IT WOULD BE UN-GRATEFUL OF US NOT TO GRANT YOU YOUR REQUEST! CASE DISMISSED!
UH?.. I'M FREE?.. I'M A FREE MAN!

TWO MONTHS LATER... CLARK AND LOIS SIT BEFORE A RADIO...
...AND NOW, WE PRESENT THAT MAN OF MIRTH, JOHNNY AESOP, THE TELLER OF "A SAP'S MODERN FABLES!"


... AND AS THE OUTFIELDER DROPPED THE BALL, A GUY IN THE GRANDSTANDS GAVE HIM THE BIRD! NOW THE MORAL OF THAT STORY IS... "A BIRD IN HAND... IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH-LEAGUES!"
HA! HA!
HA! HA!

WELL, CLARK, IT JUST GOES TO PROVE THAT "HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY!" FEEL LIKE CONFESSING ANY SECRETS TO ME TODAY?
NOT TODAY, LOIS! (THIS IS ONE TIME THAT "SILENCE IS GOLDEN!" --")
THE END.



"Why not? They helped give me the energy to develop this chest!"

OUR SAILOR FRIEND CERTAINLY APPRECIATES THAT FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS." SO WILL YOU, ONCE YOU LEARN HOW REALLY GOOD WHEATIES ARE....GOOD FOR YOU....AND **DELICIOUSLY GOOD**, TOO.

BIG FLAKES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT. ROASTED AND TOASTED AND FLAVORED JUST RIGHT WITH SWEET MALT SYRUP...THAT'S WHEATIES. AND WHEATIES, WITH MILK AND FRUIT, MAKE **THE SAME CHAMPION DISH** RECOMMENDED BY SO MANY LEADING COACHES AND BIG-TIME ATHLETES. A DISH THAT'S CHUCK-FULL OF CONCENTRATED FOOD ENERGY AND ZIPPY "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR.

YES, YOU'LL REALLY GO FOR WHEATIES TOP NOURISHMENT AND TIP-TOP FLAVOR. SO GET SET FOR REAL **FUN AT BREAKFAST.** SAIL INTO A HEAPING BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade-marks of General Mills, Inc.

Hayfoot HENRY

IN SLEEPYSIDE, WHERE VERSE ALONE IS SPOKEN, WE FIND BRUISED HEADS AND HALF THE WINDOWS BROKEN, WHILE HENRY IS WRAPPED IN FRUITLESS COGITATION AS HE SEEKS A RHYME FOR HIS LEXICON. ILLUMINATION ONLY COMES WHEN HE'S HURT IN HIS OWN MENAGE AND HIS INJURY LEADS TO THE SOURCE OF "THE BASEBALL BARRAGE!"

WHY DOES HENRY, THE COP, PATROL HIS BEAT WITH DOWNCAST EYE AND LOOK OF DEFEAT?

WHAT RHYMES WITH "PORPOISE"? A SIMPLE QUERY, AND YET, I'M STUCK, AND GETTING WEARY, I JUST CAN'T THINK, THE WORD WON'T COME, EITHER IT'S STUBBORN, OR I'M JUST DUMB!

2

HENRY, COME QUICK! THERE'S BEEN DIRTY WORK! I'M AFRAID MY TRUCK DRIVER'S GONE BERSERK! I JUST FOUND MY TRUCK WITH ITS GEARS ALL STRIPPED, THE LOAD IS MISSING, THE DRIVER SKIPPED!

3

THERE STANDS THE TRUCK, JUST AS I FOUND IT. MY BASEBALLS ARE GONE, YOU CAN'T GET AROUND IT!
HIDDA HOMER INC BASEBALL MANUFACTURERS
1
HMM...SIGNS OF RESISTANCE SIGNIFY THE DRIVER'S NOT THE GUILTY GUY!
HIDDA HOMER INC BASEBALL MANUFACTURERS
2
A BASEBALL THIEF MUST BE A GOOF! THEY'VE NO GREAT VALUE, SO WHY SHOULD—
OOF!
A CLUE! AND THE THIEF WILL RUE IT! THAT BASEBALL — WHO THREW IT?
3
I DIDN'T MEAN TO BEAN HIM, I NEVER EVEN SEEN HIM!
NEVER MIND! LET'S BEAT IT, BEFORE HE MAKES US EAT IT!
KIDS! HEY—COME BACK! STOP! DON'T BE AFRAID! I'M YOUR FRIEND, THE COP!
4
I MUST FIND OUT WHERE THEY GOT THAT BALL! IT MIGHT HELP ME TO PUT THE THIEF IN THRALL!
5
ANOTHER WINDOW! WHY— IT'S A REGULAR EPIDEMIC!
HMM...THIS NEEDS THOUGHT— NOT SHOUTS AND LOUD POLEMIC!
CRASH

YOU'RE RIGHT! LOOK THERE! NO WINDOW, NO HEAD IS SAFE WITH A BALL IN THE HANDS OF EVERY WAIF!
TRUE! EVERY KID HAS A BASEBALL TODAY! COULD THE THIEF HAVE GIVEN HIS LOOT AWAY?
C'MERE, YOUNG MAN - WHERE'D YOU GET THAT BALL?
FOUND 'EM IN THE SCHOOL YARD — ENOUGH WERE THERE FOR ALL!
I'VE GOT TO GET HOME TO FIGURE THIS OUT, ERE A BALL ON THE HEAD PUTS MY BRAINS TO ROUT!
SO A SHORT WHILE LATER FINDS HENRY AT HOME, BUT HE'S STILL NOT SECURE FROM A CLOUT ON THE DOME!
WHAT RHYMES WITH "PORPOISE"? BRAIN'S GETTING LAZY. BASEBALLS SWIPED.. DRIVER'S WHEREABOUTS HAZY! THIEF DISCARDS BASEBALLS - IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY!
CRASH
A SHORT WHILE LATER, BECAUSE OF THE SOCK, ENTER THE GLAZIER AND THE DOC!
WELL, MR. GLAZIER, AS SOON AS YOU'RE THROUGH, I HAVE SOME BROKEN WINDOWS TOO!
RIGHTO, OLD CHAP, AND SINCE THAT'S YOUR LINE, YOU MIGHT BANDAGE THE 'EAD OF A NEIGHBOR OF MINE!
YOU SOUND LIKE AN ENGLISHMAN, IS THAT A FACT?
SPENT TWENTY YEARS THERE, AND JUST GOT BACK ...
HURRY, GENTS, HURRY! NO TIME FOR IDLE TALK! SLEEPYSIDE'S THE VICTIM OF A PLOT I MUST BALK!

OH - BY THE WAY - THREE DOLLARS, PLEASE!
JUST GIMME TWO, I'VE LOWER FEES!
1
HERE'S YOUR MONEY AND IF YOU FIND A RHYME FOR "PORPOISE," PHONE ME ANYTIME!
2
AS HENRY RACKS HIS BRAINS SOME MORE, THERE COMES A KNOCKING ON HIS DOOR!
NOW... ABOUT THIS BASEBALL ESCAPADE... THAT MISSING DRIVER... FINDING HIM MIGHT AID —
KNOCK! KNOCK!
3
I DRIVE A TRUCK FOR A BASEBALL PLANT. LAST NIGHT ON THE ROAD SOME MISCREANT CAPTURES MY TRUCK AND DRIVES AWAY! I COULDN'T REPORT IT UNTIL TODAY, 'CAUSE I CUT THROUGH THE WOODS AND LOST MY WAY!
4
YOU'RE JUST THE MAN I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR! DESCRIBE THE RAT! WHAT HE DID! WHAT HE WORE!
WELL, HE DROVE TOWARD TOWN AS THOUGH HE WERE DRUNK, ON THE LEFT-HAND SIDE OF THE ROAD, THE SKUNK!
5
HIS VOICE WAS MUFFLED, HIS FACE WAS HIDDEN, BUT THE GUN IN HIS HAND SAID HE WASN'T KIDDIN'!
DRUNK? BUT COULD THAT EXPLAIN HIS ACT? JUST A DRUNKEN PRANK TO GET HEADS CRACKED?
6
NO--LEAVING THOSE BASEBALLS THERE AT SCHOOL WAS TOO DELIBERATE - NO ACT OF A FOOL. HE KNEW THAT WITH SO MANY BALLS BEING USED, KIDS WOULD GET CARELESS AND HEADS WOULD BE BRUISED --

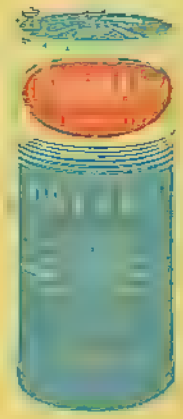
EUREKA! I'VE GOT IT! THE FOG HAS DISSOLVED! I KNOW THE VILLAIN! THE CASE IS SOLVED!
WELL, I'LL BE JIGGERED HE'S GOT IT FIGGERED
1
TO THE DOCTOR'S HOME HENRY FLIES LIKE A SHOT, TO NAB THE KNAVE BEHIND THE PLOT!
THIS CASE HAS DRIVEN ME CRAZIER AND CRAZIER, BUT NOW I SEE THROUGH YOUR PLOT, MR. GLAZIER!
HEY-- LEGGO! I'LL ADMIT IT! 'OW'D YOU KNOW I DID IT?
DOCTOR I.Q. YEN
2
YOUR ENGLISH HABITS--WHEN YOU GO FOR A RIDE, YOU DRIVE YOUR CAR ON THE LEFT-HAND SIDE! WHEN YOU STOLE THAT TRUCK, TO THE LEFT YOU STAYED! AND--BASEBALLS BREAK WINDOWS! THAT'S GOOD FOR YOUR TRADE
10
VERY CLEVER, BUT I'M NOT CAUGHT YET. FOR 'ERE'S A GIFT YOU WON'T FORGET!
3
BUT ANOTHER BASEBALL'S CARELESSLY THROWN, AND THE SCOUNDREL REAPS THE EVIL HE'S SOWN!
I MUSTN'T LET HIM GET AWAY! AH--POETIC JUSTICE SAVES THE DAY!
BIFF!
5
YOU WON'T JAIL ME--I'LL GET A LAWYER! A CLEVER MOUTHPIECE--A LEGAL DESTROYER! HE'LL GET A WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS!
JEEPERS! THAT'S IT! IT RHYMES WITH "PORPOISE"!
SNAP
I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO JAIL THIS CROOK, AND WRITE IT DOWN IN MY RHYMING BOOK!

LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh Eveready Batteries

"Don't worry, darling! There's nobody around!"

THE DEPENDABLE POWER of "Eveready" No 6 Dry Cells is being put to excellent use right now in the armed forces' field telephone units. This means that the relatively small civilian supply must be stretched as far as possible—use yours carefully!

The proper handling of America's food supply can help shorten the war and write the peace. Don't be responsible for wasting an ounce of food!



EVEREADY

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VIGILANTE
FROM SWIPING TO SWAPPING--THAT'S THE DUMMY'S PLAN FOR FOLLOWING THE STRAIGHT-AND-NARROW PATH OF HONESTY! BUT IS HE SINCERE? HAS THE SINISTER, DEADLY MANNIKIN MARAUDER REALLY GONE STRAIGHT? THIS IS THE PROBLEM THAT FACES THE VALIANT VIGILANTE! AND AS IF THAT WEREN'T HARD ENOUGH TO SOLVE, ANOTHER CRIMINAL COMET BLAZES UP FROM THE UNDERWORLD TO COMPLICATE THE TRAIL OF ...
"BLUNDERBUSS BOOTY!"

THROUGH THE SOLEMN HALLS OF THE STATE BUILDING STRIDE TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES--THE VIGILANTE AND HIS SLANGY SIDEKICK, STUFF!
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF US COMING HERE, VIG? THIS IS WHERE CROOKS GO A LONG TIME AFTER WE'VE NABBED 'EM!
THAT'S RIGHT! BUT AN OLD ENEMY OF OURS SAYS HE'S GOING STRAIGHT... AND WE WANT TO SEE IF HE MEANS IT!
STATE PAROLE BOARD
INSIDE, A FAMILIAR FIGURE IS PLEADING HIS CASE WITH TOUCHING ELOQUENCE!
I KNOW MY RECORD IS BAD, GENTLEMEN! BUT THAT IS A THING OF THE PAST! I AM A CHANGED MAN--AN HONEST MAN NOW!
THAT'S EASY TO SAY, DUMMY, AS LONG AS IT GETS YOU FREE! BUT HOW DO WE KNOW YOU'RE SINCERE?
MEDITATING IN MY CELL, I REACHED THE INESCAPABLE CONCLUSION THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY! IF YOU PAROLE ME, I'LL OPEN A LITTLE SWAP SHOP WHICH DOESN'T TAKE MUCH CAPITAL--AND BE CONTENT WITH AN HONEST LIVING!
SPEAKING OF CAPITAL, HOW ABOUT RESTORING THE LOOT FROM THAT LAST JOB YOU PULLED?
UNFORTUNATELY, VIGILANTE, ONE OF MY MEN, FLIP WEBB, HID IT SOMEWHERE -- AND WAS ELIMINATED BEFORE HE COULD REVEAL EXACTLY WHERE! BUT I WILL PAY IT OFF IN YEARLY IN-STALLMENTS, I PROMISE!
WE'LL LEAVE IT UP TO YOU, VIGILANTE! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO PUT HIM IN JAIL! HE STAYS THERE OR GOES FREE ON YOUR SAY-SO!
HUH? I'D KEEP HIM IN FOR LIFE!
IF HE AIMS TO GO STRAIGHT, WE OUGHT TO GIVE HIM ALL THE HELP HE NEEDS! AND IF HE DOESN'T... STUFF AND I'LL BE ON THE WATCH! I FAVOR RELEASING HIM!
THANKS, VIGILANTE! AT LAST WE'RE ON THE SAME SIDE OF THE LAW! AND I PROMISE TO PAY BACK EVERY CENT OF THAT LOST LOOT!
I'M RECKONIN' ON IT, DUMMY!
PHOOEY!
2

SO IT IS THAT A ONCE-INFAMOUS NAME APPEARS OVER A NEW SHOP IN THE CITY...

I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT THE DUMMY AND HOW GOOD HE'S BECOME SINCE HE GAVE UP CRIME! I WONDER IF...

THE DUMMY'S SWAP SHOP WE'LL GIVE YOU THIS FOR THAT

I KNOW IT ISN'T WORTH MUCH... BUT I CAN'T AFFORD A NEW ONE, AND I HAVE TO COOK FOR MY FAMILY! I WAS HOPING MAYBE... MAYBE YOU COULD GIVE ME ONE AND...AND I'LL SEE IF I CAN FIND SOMETHING ELSE TO TRADE, TOO...

YOUR OLD POT IS A HEAVY ONE AND IS WORTH MORE IN METAL THAN THIS NEW ONE! SO I AM DELIGHTED TO REFUND YOU THE DIFFERENCE!

OH, THANK YOU, MR. DUMMY.

A WEEK PASSES, AND AT THE APARTMENT OF GREG SAUNDERS, THE FAMED PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR...

AM I SURPRISED? HE'S STICKING LIKE GLUE TO HIS SWAP SHOP... HE'S NOT SEEING ANY OF HIS OLD PALS... AND HE'S REALLY GIVING HIS CUSTOMERS A BREAK!

LOOKS LIKE YOU HAD HIM WRONG, STUFF! JUST THE SAME, WE'LL KEEP TABS ON HIM A WHILE LONGER...

BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT

WAIT FOR ME MY TRUSTY STEED! I SHALL BE BUT A MOMENT!

CRASH!

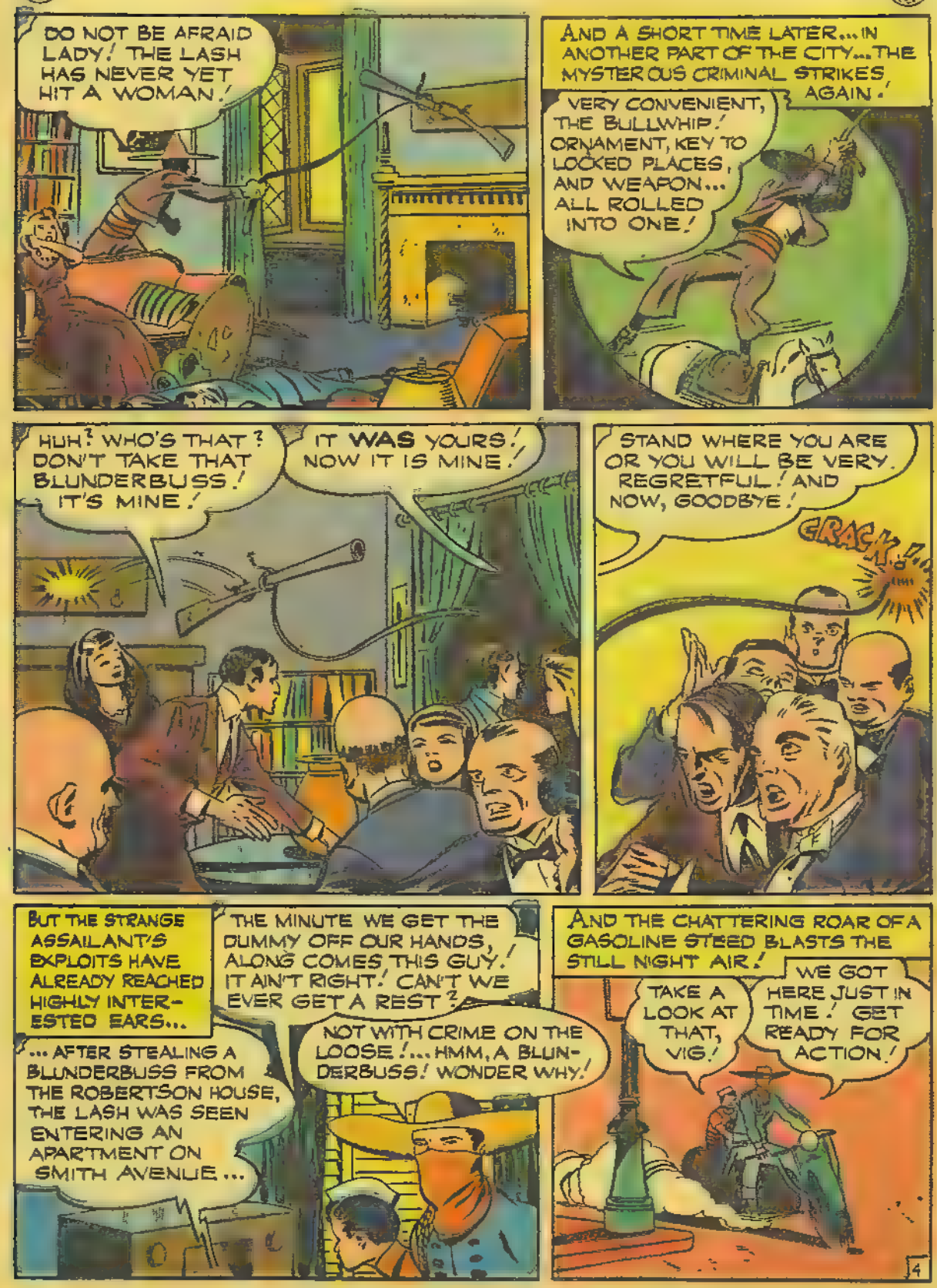
WHAT..? WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I AM THE LASH! WHAT I WANT IS MY OWN BUSINESS!

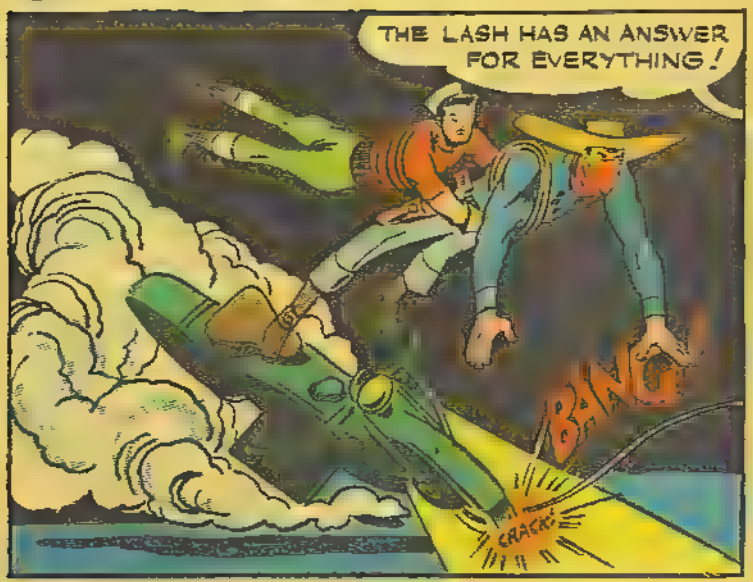
YOU GET OUT OF HERE AT ONCE OR I'LL--

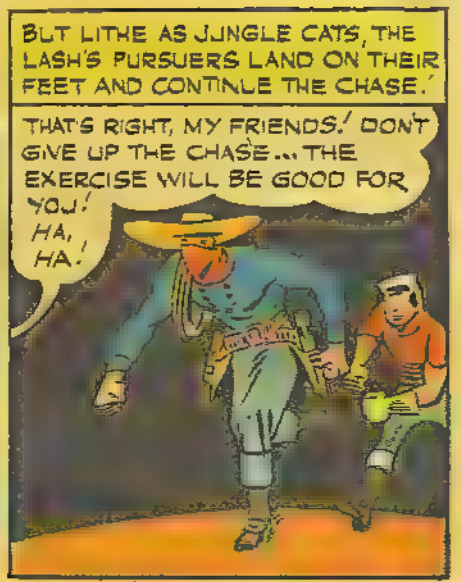
AAGGHHH!

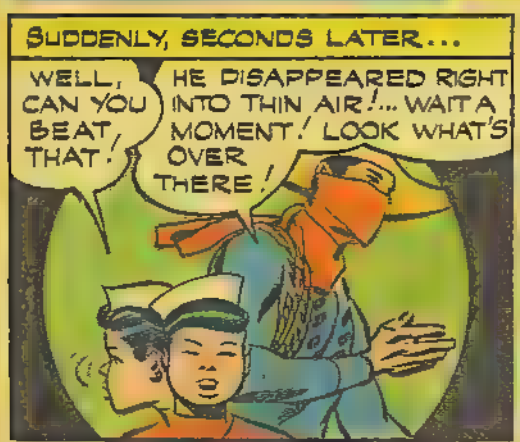
THAT IS NO WAY TO GREET A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR!

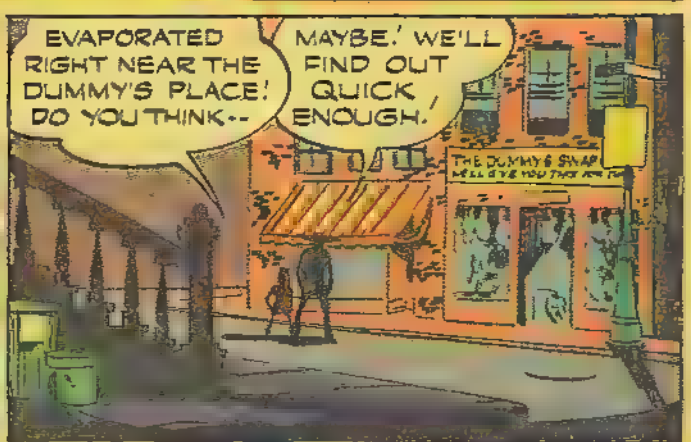

DO NOT BE AFRAID LADY! THE LASH HAS NEVER YET HIT A WOMAN!
AND A SHORT TIME LATER... IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY... THE MYSTERIOUS CRIMINAL STRIKES AGAIN!
VERY CONVENIENT, THE BULLWHIP! ORNAMENT, KEY TO LOCKED PLACES, AND WEAPON... ALL ROLLED INTO ONE!
HUH? WHO'S THAT? DON'T TAKE THAT BLUNDERBUSS! IT'S MINE!
IT WAS YOURS! NOW IT IS MINE!
STAND WHERE YOU ARE OR YOU WILL BE VERY REGRETFUL! AND NOW, GOODBYE!
CRACK!
BUT THE STRANGE ASSAILANT'S EXPLOITS HAVE ALREADY REACHED HIGHLY INTERESTED EARS...
... AFTER STEALING A BLUNDERBUSS FROM THE ROBERTSON HOUSE, THE LASH WAS SEEN ENTERING AN APARTMENT ON SMITH AVENUE...
THE MINUTE WE GET THE DUMMY OFF OUR HANDS, ALONG COMES THIS GUY! IT AIN'T RIGHT! CAN'T WE EVER GET A REST?
NOT WITH CRIME ON THE LOOSE!... HMM, A BLUNDERBUSS! WONDER WHY!
AND THE CHATTERING ROAR OF A GASOLINE STEED BLASTS THE STILL NIGHT AIR!
TAKE A LOOK AT THAT, VIG!
WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME! GET READY FOR ACTION!
4

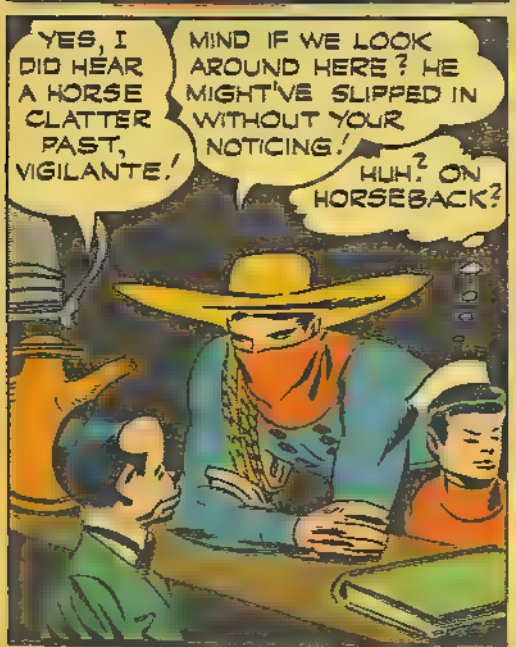
HE'S GETTING AWAY! NAB HIM!
SURE 'NOUGH!
THAT OUGHT TO SATISFY YOU, STUFF!
MY HAND, BUSHWACKER-- CLOSED TIGHT!
BUT THE LASH IS TOUGH..
MY CALLING CARD, SNOOPER-- ENGRAVED WHERE YOU WILL NOT LOSE IT!
WHADDAYA KNOW? ANOTHER BLUNDERBUSS!
QUICK, GET ABOARD! WE CAN OVERTAKE HIM!
MECHANICAL SPEED AGAINST ANIMAL MUSCLES... AND THE MACHINE SWIFTLY CLOSES THE GAP!
BETTER GIVE UP, RATTLER! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY!
WE SHALL SEE!
5


THE LASH HAS AN ANSWER FOR EVERYTHING!
BANG
CRACK!


BUT LITHE AS JUNGLE CATS, THE LASH'S PURSUERS LAND ON THEIR FEET AND CONTINUE THE CHASE.
THAT'S RIGHT, MY FRIENDS! DON'T GIVE UP THE CHASE... THE EXERCISE WILL BE GOOD FOR YOU! HA, HA!

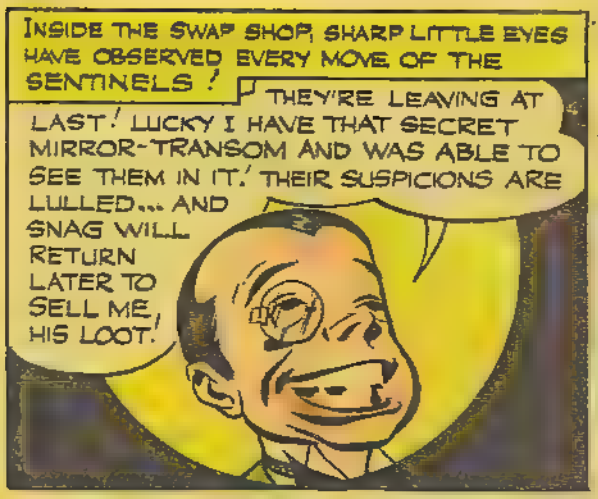

SUDDENLY, SECONDS LATER...
WELL, CAN YOU BEAT THAT!
HE DISAPPEARED RIGHT INTO THIN AIR!... WAIT A MOMENT! LOOK WHAT'S OVER THERE!

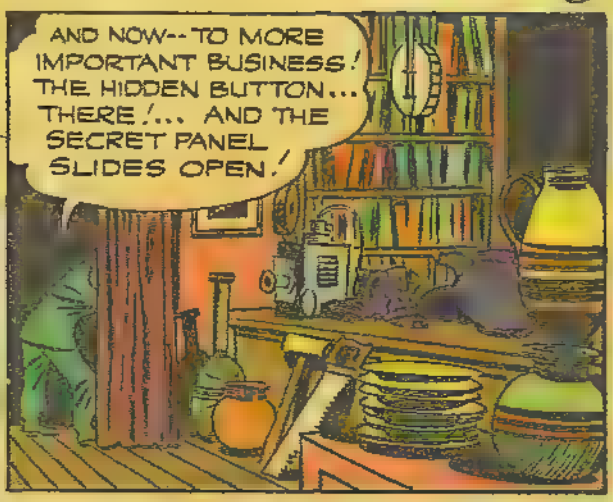

EVAPORATED RIGHT NEAR THE DUMMY'S PLACE! DO YOU THINK--
MAYBE! WE'LL FIND OUT QUICK ENOUGH!

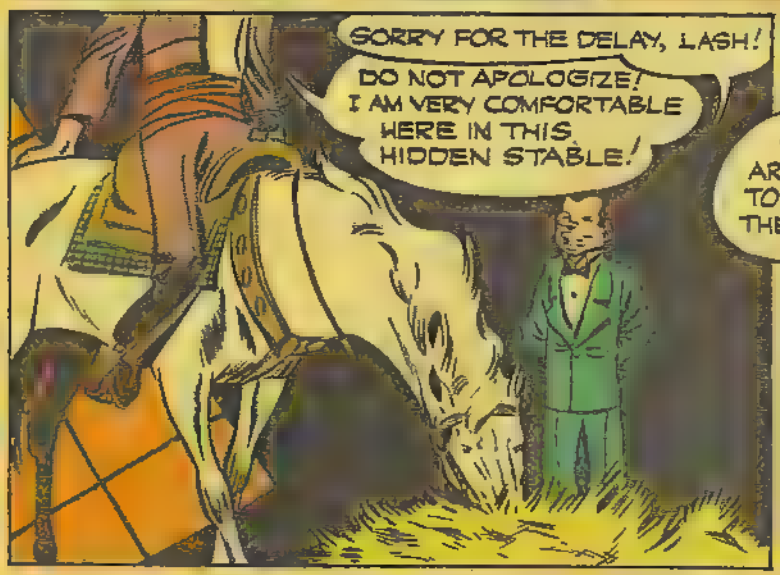

YES, I DID HEAR A HORSE CLATTER PAST, VIGILANTE!
MIND IF WE LOOK AROUND HERE? HE MIGHT'VE SLIPPED IN WITHOUT YOUR NOTICING!
HUH? ON HORSEBACK?

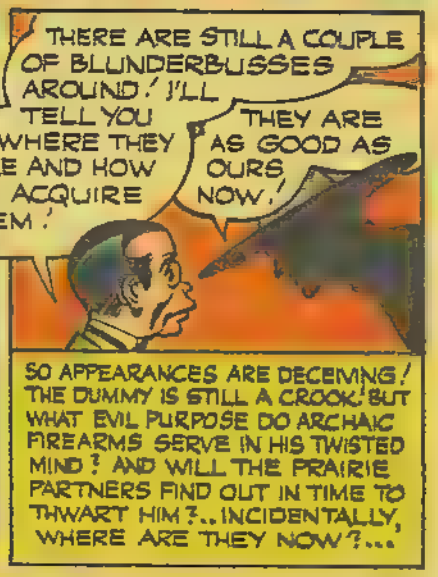
THROUGH THE MERCHANDISE-PACKED STORE PROWL THE PRAIRIE PALS... BUT...
NOTHING UP HERE!
AND NOTHING DOWN HERE, VIG!
NATURALLY!

RECKON WE WERE WRONG, DUMMY.! SORRY TO'VE TROUBLED YOU!
NO TROUBLE AT ALL! AS A MATTER OF FACT, IF YOU BELIEVE I CAN HELP YOU APPREHEND THE LASH, I WANT YOU TO FEEL FREE TO REQUEST MY AID AT ANY TIME
HOLY SMOKE! THE DUMMY OFFERIN' TO HELP CATCH A CROOK!
BUT AS THEY LEAVE..
WELL, SO LONG, CHUM.! WE'LL DROP IN AGAIN WHEN WE'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SWAP!
FINE! THE MORE CUSTOMERS, THE BETTER, YOU KNOW!
HMM! WHAT'S THIS? HAVE TO TELL STUFF ABOUT IT...
-- A COUPLA HORSEHAIRS STUCK ON THAT DOOR? THAT SETTLES IT! LET'S GO BACK AND..
HOLD ON! IT COULD BE HORSE-HAIR--OR HAIRS FROM A PAINT BRUSH! WHA-? TAKE A GANDER OVER THERE! THAT'S SNAG. BURKE, THE SECOND-STORY MAN, HEADING FOR THE DUMMY'S STORE!
NOW I GET IT! THE DUMMY MUST BE USING THE STORE AS A FRONT FOR FENCING STOLEN THINGS!
LET'S WAIT AND SEE!
A MOMENT LATER...
OUT, I SAY! AND STAY OUT!
WELL, CAN YOU BEAT THAT?
GOLLY, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY DUMMY WOULD TURN DOWN A DISHONEST DOLLAR!
WELL--WE'VE STILL GOT THE ORIGINAL PROBLEM--WHY DOES THE LASH STEAL THOSE BLUNDERBUSSES?

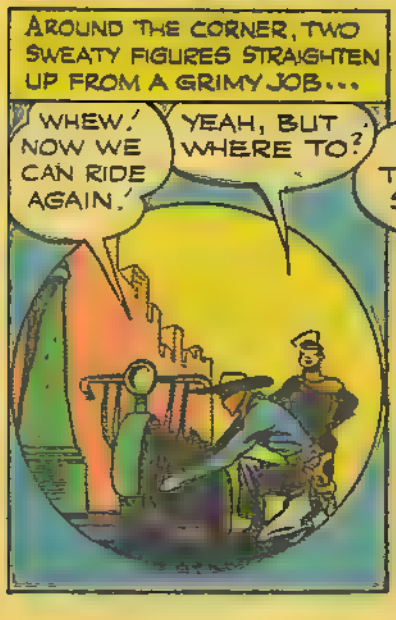

INSIDE THE SWAP SHOP, SHARP LITTLE EYES HAVE OBSERVED EVERY MOVE OF THE SENTINELS!
THEY'RE LEAVING AT LAST! LUCKY I HAVE THAT SECRET MIRROR-TRANSOM AND WAS ABLE TO SEE THEM IN IT! THEIR SUSPICIONS ARE LULLED... AND SNAG WILL RETURN LATER TO SELL ME HIS LOOT!

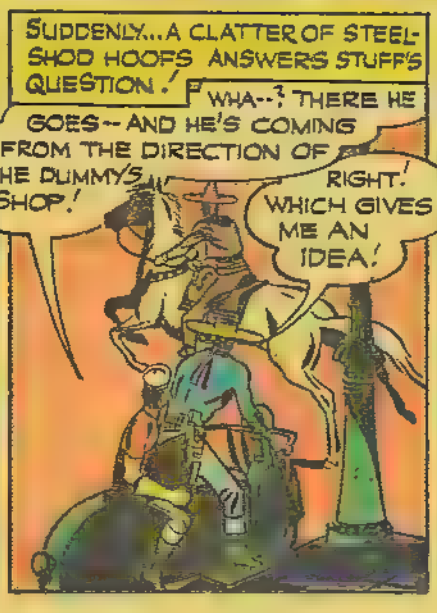





THERE ARE STILL A COUPLE OF BLUNDERBUSSES AROUND! I'LL TELL YOU WHERE THEY ARE AND HOW TO ACQUIRE THEM!
THEY ARE AS GOOD AS OURS NOW!

SO APPEARANCES ARE DECEIVING! THE DUMMY IS STILL A CROOK! BUT WHAT EVIL PURPOSE DO ARCHAIC FIREARMS SERVE IN HIS TWISTED MIND? AND WILL THE PRAIRIE PARTNERS FIND OUT IN TIME TO THWART HIM?.. INCIDENTALLY, WHERE ARE THEY NOW?...



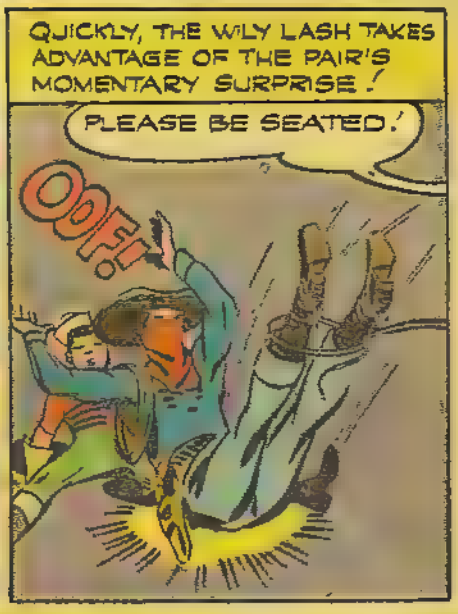

SUDDENLY...A CLATTER OF STEEL-SHOD HOOFS ANSWERS STUFF'S QUESTION!
WHA--? THERE HE GOES--AND HE'S COMING FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE DUMMY'S SHOP!
RIGHT! WHICH GIVES ME AN IDEA!

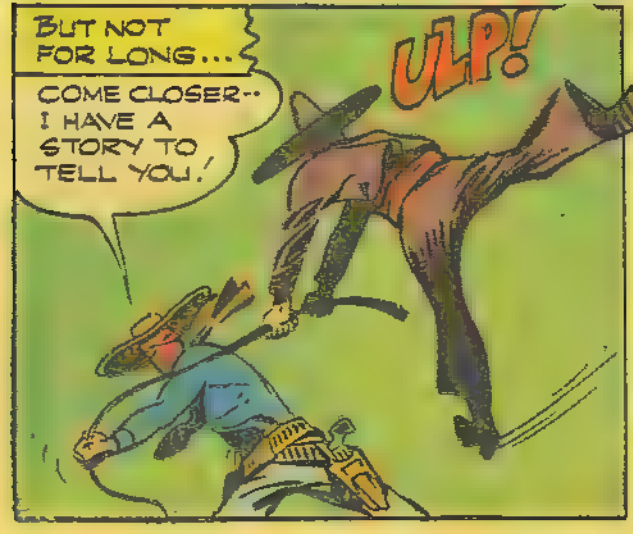
IN A MATTER OF SPLIT-SECONDS...
NICE OF YOU TO INVITE ME ALONG, VIGILANTE!
IT'S MIGHTY NEIGHBORLY OF YOU TO HELP CATCH THAT CROOK!

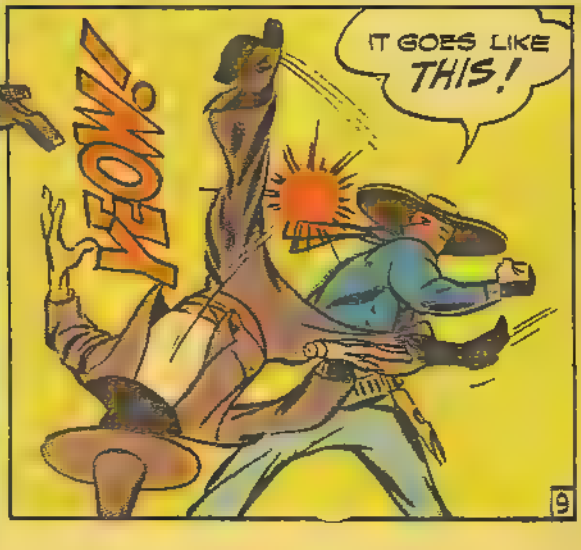
MINUTES LATER..
TO GRAB HIMSELF SOME MORE BLUNDERBUSSES, I BET!
CAUGHT UP TO HIM JUST IN TIME! HE'S RIDING RIGHT INTO THE MUSEUM.

WE HAVE HIM NOW!
YES--
EARLY AMERICAN MUSEUM
TWEET!

--RIGHT WHERE WE WANT YOU! I HAD HOPED YOU WOULD ACCEPT MY OFFER -- SO I PLANNED THIS NEAT LITTLE TRAP FOR THE TWO OF YOU!
HUH?


QUICKLY, THE WILY LASH TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE PAIR'S MOMENTARY SURPRISE!
PLEASE BE SEATED!
OOF!


BUT NOT FOR LONG...
COME CLOSER-- I HAVE A STORY TO TELL YOU!
ULP!


IT GOES LIKE THIS!
KEOW!

THIS IS KNOWN AS A SMASH HIT.'
WHEN WE HIT 'EM THEY DON'T SEE STARS--
--THEY SEE PRISON BARS.'
SUDDENLY...
I'M GONNA FILL YOU TWO FULLA LEAD.'
OH-OH.' END OF THE LINE, SEEMS LIKE!
NO, NO.' DON'T.'
A WALL-SHAKING EXPLOSION AND...
NOW I GET IT.' COME ON, STUFF-TIME FOR THE ROUND-UP.'
BLAM!
SOK
POW
BIFF
PRESENTLY, THE POLICE ARRIVE...
THE DUMMY'S STOOGE, FLIP WEBB, MUST HAVE BEEN CARRYING THE LOOT OF THE JOB THAT SENT THE DUMMY TO JAIL... HE WAS TRAPPED AND HID THE MONEY IN A BLUNDERBUSS HERE.'
SO HE HIRED THE LASH TO GET ALL THE BLUNDER-BUSSES IN THE CITY, EH?
THEN HE KICKED OFF BEFORE HE TOLD THE DUMMY WHICH BLUNDER-BUSS HE HID IT IN.'
EVERY STORY HAS ITS AFTERMATH, AND THIS IS NO EXCEPTION...
IRON BARS NEVER HELD ME YET.' WHEN I BREAK OUT, 'LL FINISH OFF THE VIGILANTE.'
I THINK IT WOULD BE SAFER IN JAIL!

CHIEF HOT FOOT
ME NAKE-UM OVER WIGWAM.. MODERNIZE IT LIKE WHITE MAN'S HOUSE!
ELECTR CITY - ICE BOX FOR STORE-UM FOOD, HEAP EVERYTHING!
HF
RED BEAK GO WALD LOOK WE ONLY SEE MODERN HOUSE IN MOVIES!
SEE, CHIEF EVEN HAVE DROPPED LIVING ROOM TOO!
WAHOO! HELP!!
CRASH
THUD

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Venus No. 2)

TGOGODGT VQ DWA AQWT DQPFU! VJGA'NN DQOD VJG JKTQJKVQ JQWPFU CPF UOC. UJ VJG JKVNGT JWPU!

SUPERMAN, Aug.
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE . . . .

STREET ADDRESS ....

CITY AND STATE ....

MONEY TALKS

by Jesse Merlan

ROBERT TATE skipped hurriedly down the front steps of his house. He looked just like any other serious-faced young man on his way to some errand. But three guns were pointed at his back.

He stepped into the waiting car. He'd been told to do just that. Two hard-faced men, dully-gleaming pistols ready in their hands, made him sit snugly between them. Then the three other men came down, got into the front seat. The car roared to life, rolled away.

"A perfect snatch, boys!" "Dapper" Nolan grinned, his twisted mouth leering back at Robert Tate. "Artistic is the word for this job."

Artistic? This morning, just two short hours ago, Robert Tate had started on a new etching. His steel cutting tools, his pens, his inks, his acids, all had been on the work bench before him. He was getting some favorable mention in the art columns. Artists and public alike were beginning to notice his work. Perhaps this etching would be hung in a museum some day, he'd thought. He'd been humming happily, and cutting away busily at his metal plate, when the knock boomed loudly on his door.

He'd flung open his door, expecting some fellow artist. And in had walked "Dapper" Nolan! Orders had been quick and to the point. Actually, at gun point. "Drop your tools! Don't give any alarm, or you're a dead man! Just walk into the car outside! We've got plans for you!"

And now, here was Robert Tate, riding through the streets of the city. A helpless and puzzled captive. But Robert Tate was not without courage. He cleared his throat, spoke softly and calmly. "Why are you doing this? Where are you taking me? Of what use can I be to you?"

Dapper Nolan turned his small, closely-set eyes back to Tate. "You'll find out when we're ready to tell you. Until then, shut your face! We wouldn't want to have to hurt you, would we, boys? It would spoil our . . . our plan." Smooth, slick, overly-polite, but deadly serious.

"Hey, boss! This guy's lookin' at the street signs! He'll know where we're takin' 'im!"

Nolan laughed. "Let him look. It won't do him any good. Because here we are at our place. Now listen, Tate! Walk quietly into that house. No fuss and no noise . . . or we drill you from this car. I mean it, and you know that I do."

Tate wasn't fool enough to throw his life away needlessly. Besides, he was curious. He walked through an opening door, noticing the number above it. It was 250. Before Tate had taken three steps into the dim hall, another gun was shoved into his ribs. Instantly, the men from the car joined his new guard. A short fifteen steps, a room on the left . . . Robert Tate halted in amazement.

This room was large, with four huge windows. But the windows were boarded solid. Bright electric lights blazed down from the ceiling, unseen from the street. Tate gasped again. There was a fortune in five and ten-dollar bills neatly piled in solid stacks all about the room. Here was a perfectly-balanced and delicate hand-press used only for the finest printing. Over there were reams of special paper. Inks, engraving tools, discarded first proofs were scattered all about. Of course . . . Counterfeiters!

Dapper Nolan gently pushed Tate into a chair. Gently, but with the barrel of his gun. Tate didn't protest, the room was too alive with ready weapons. Nolan started to explain, patiently, slowly, with a deadly threat hidden under his oily voice.

"So now you know where I get all my money from. Sure, we've been making the queer-stuff for years. And from perfect plates, too. Not even the federal men have ever traced a bill back to this hideout. But lately we've been having trouble. Some printer of ours dropped the set of five and ten-dollar steel plates we'd been using to print from. The plates were chipped and scarred. They're useless."

A bulky gunman laughed loudly. "Haw! Haw! Dat printer is useless now, too. He's in da middle of da river dis minute, wid a block of cement where his feet uster be."

Snarling, Nolan took two swift steps toward the speaker. His hands swung out, the palm open. The slap sounded sharp as a pistol crack. "Quiet, you fool! I'll do the talking here." The gunman only mumbled, his face full of fear.

Nolan turned back to the man in the chair. "I know your ability, Robert Tate. I've examined your precise etchings, your steel carvings. I picked you from a whole museum full of artist-engravers. I especially admired your last bit, the "Portrait of Lincoln". Only three inches by four inches, wasn't it, Tate? And perfectly done, too. Now you're going to engrave another portrait of Lincoln. Only you're going to put it on a five dollar bill. A perfect five dollar bill. Understand?"

Tate sparred for time. "But I'll need days, maybe weeks. And how do I know you'll let me go free when I'm done?"

Dapper Nolan smiled. He knew he had won. "Don't worry, Tate. Once I pass some sample bills through a few banks, once I know you've done a perfect job. . . . You'll be free."

Tate's spine tingled. Free? He knew what that promise was worth. A few bullets in his back. But there was no escape. He turned to the engraving tools, knowing he had just a few weeks to live.

In the days that followed, Robert Tate worked as slowly as he dared. But under the watchful guns of his captors, the five dollar plate slowly took form. It was a masterpiece. Tate felt a little sick when he thought of the people who would be duped by his handiwork. Poor workers paid in false bills. Banks taking in these worthless bits of paper.

By the sixth day, Tate knew that he couldn't go through with this dirty work. As he scraped away, his magnifying glass screwed into his eye, he knew that he could never finish this five dollar plate. He'd have to destroy it. Ruin this delicately drawn piece of steel with its almost invisible lines.

Invisible? He paused, the start of an idea exploding in his head.

Yes, he was watched. Awake or asleep. His food was brought to him, he was guarded every moment. And if he ever quit engraving they would kill him. But. . . .

He turned with new energy to his work, trying to conceal the hope that lighted his eyes. He selected an even stronger magnifying glass from a neat stack of lenses at his elbow, stuck it expertly in the corner of his eye. From his precise tools he took a sturdy steel point that was almost too delicate and too fine to be seen. The microscopic bits of shaved steel curled and fell beneath his flying fingers. In two more days the plate would be done.

When the steel had been engraved to the last number and forged signature, the printing only took a few hours. Tate supervised that, and at last Dapper Nolan was satisfied. The counterfeit five-dollar bill was as perfect as the real money the government made.

Nolan was gleeful. "It's a beauty! You, Slippery!" One of Tate's guards stepped forward, one that didn't look too much like a crook when he put his gun away.

Nolan explained. "Here, Slippery. Nobody knows you work for me. Take this one bill, slip it into your wallet with your good money. Then go to the State Bank and get it changed into quarters. If it passes the teller there, we'll flood the city with this stuff."

After Slippery had gone, they waited. That is, Nolan and his men waited. But Tate was forced to start work on a new block of steel. This time it would be the ten-dollar bill.

Then, one long half hour later, Slippery came in the door. His face was beaming in triumph. He had a roll of quarters

"Boss, they took it! Boy, I was afraid they were gonna grab me. I had my alibi all ready. You know . . . I'm no criminal, I'm no counterfeiter, look at the rest of my money. But they cashed that bill! And it must be perfect. Because the teller held it against the light, gave it every kind of examination. He even went inside the bank and let a vice-president look at it. But at last the teller apologized to me, sayin' they hadda be careful, what with so much counterfeit stuff floatin' around."

Nolan grinned. "There'll be more of it. You men, get busy turning it out. We'll run off fifty grand of it. And you, Tate, you'd better do just as good a job on that ten-dollar bill. Or else. . . ."

Tate nodded, defeated at last. It hadn't worked. It hadn't worked. There was nothing he could do now. Every last chance was gone, his idea had failed. He turned back to his engraving. A job for which the reward was death.

Suddenly, the sharp roar of machine gun bullets blasted the hall. The front door crashed. As the gasping Nolan mob turned, they swung their hands to hidden gun holsters. But they were taken by surprise, easy victims to more alert men.

As Robert Tate dived toward the floor, the first of the FBI men smashed his way in. A smoking tommy-gun swung over the whole room, freezing everyone but Nolan. Dapper Nolan jerked up his pistol. A crackling spurt from the machine gun pounded him against the wall, his shoulder broken, his arm useless. Behind the first FBI man, others crowded the room, the hall. The capture was complete.

Tate lifted himself from the floor, his hands high above his head. The chief of the federal men smiled. "You must be Tate. Robert Tate, the artist. Put your hands down, son. And get ready for a nice fat reward. You really sent for us, you're the one who captured these counterfeiters."

Dapper Nolan's voice rose in a wail. "But he couldn't have! We never left him alone for a moment! He . . ." Nolan was almost babbling.

The federal man took the most-powerful magnifying lens from the rack, put a freshly printed five-dollar bill under it, held them both out before Nolan's amazed eyes. "Here, read it for yourself."

There, in one corner of the bill's design, engraved in the smallest letters that Dapper Nolan had ever seen, were the words:

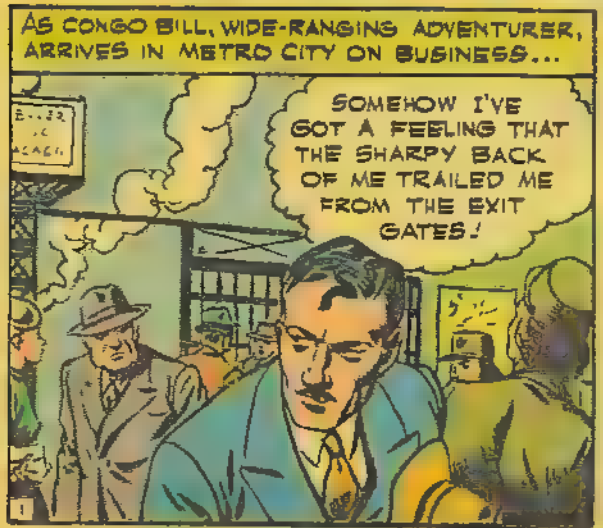
"*I am Robert Tate. Held at 250 High Street. Dapper Nolan's mob. Counterfeiters. Come armed. Danger.*"

"You see, Dapper, my squad's been on the lookout through this section," the federal man went on. "We've been examining every single five-dollar bill for months. After we read this one, trailing your man Slippery was easy."

Nolan was led away, linked by handcuffs to two of his men. The FBI man put his arm around Robert Tate, spoke again.

"And listen, Nolan! When you snatch an artist and an engraver . . . don't pick on one who used to make his living by engraving the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin."

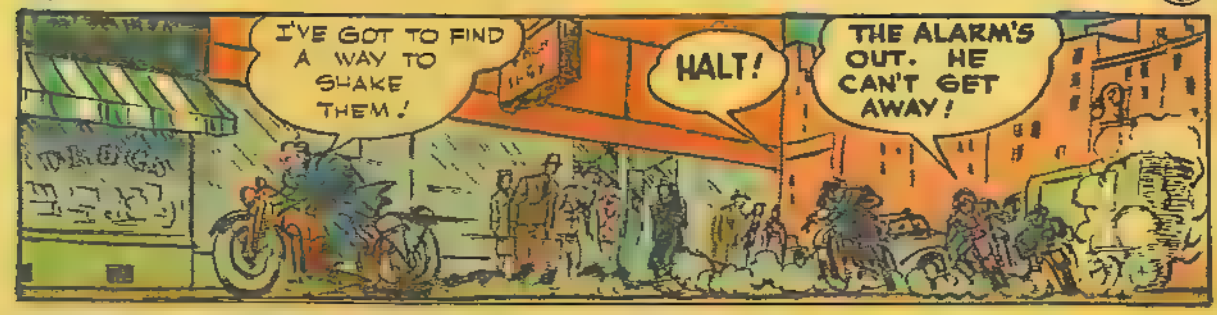
CONGO BILL
CONGO BILL, OUT-RIDER OF THE WORLD'S HINTERLANDS, HAS ENCOUNTERED EVERY TYPE OF VIPER AND REPTILE ON THE GLOBE'S TRACKLESS WASTES... BUT WHEN BUSINESS TAKES HIM TO METRO CITY, ANOTHER KIND OF SERPENT, DEADLIER THAN THE DIAMOND RATTLER AND MORE WILEY THAN THE KING COBRA, CHALLENGES HIS GRIT AND METTLE IN A...
"FRAME UP IN FUR!"

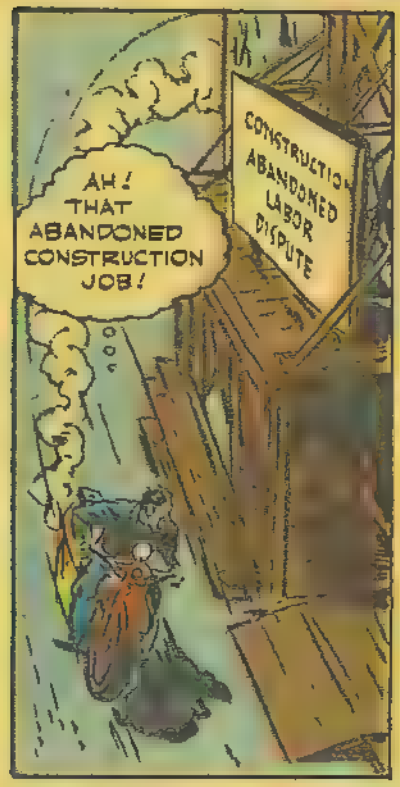

AS CONGO BILL, WIDE-RANGING ADVENTURER, ARRIVES IN METRO CITY ON BUSINESS...
SOMEHOW I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT THE SHARPY BACK OF ME TRAILED ME FROM THE EXIT GATES!
1

AND ON THE WAY TO HIS HOTEL.....
I WAS RIGHT! IT'S TOO COINCIDENTAL THAT HIS CAB SHOULD FOLLOW MY CAB, STREET FOR STREET!

IN H S HOTEL ROOM CONGO BILL MAKES A PHONE CALL...
NORTH STAR FUR COMPANY? OH, HELLO, MR DWIGHT. LISTEN, I'M BEING FOLLOWED! WE'D BETTER DO BUSINESS BY PHONE. THE MAN MAY BE ONE OF A GANG WHO KNOWS I GUARD FUR SHIPMENTS!
GOOD WORK, CONGO BILL. THE FURS YOU'RE TO ACCOMPANY FROM OUR NORTH STAR OUTPOST ARE WORTH AROUND $150,000!
FINE! I CAN GENERALLY SHAKE ANY BAND OF HOODLUMS UP NORTH, BUT IF THEY SAW ME ENTER YOUR OFFICES HERE, THEY'D KNOW MY ROUTE AND PLAN A TRAP!
I'LL PHONE YOU PARTICULARS LATER! YOU LEAVE TOMORROW!
LATER...
MY SHADOW'S STILL WITH ME... WELL, HE CAN WATCH ME DO A LITTLE SHOPPING!
I THINK I HAVE WHAT YOU WANT RIGHT UP HERE, SIR!
HMM... HE'S PRACTICALLY RUBBING MY SHOULDER TO KEEP FROM LOSING ME!
THE NEXT INSTANT.....
THIEF! THIEF! THIS MAN JUST SLIPPED A BOX OF GOLD CUFF LINKS INTO HIS POCKET!
THIS IS PREPOSTEROUS! I INSIST ON BEING SEARCHED!
VERY WELL, SINCE YOU INSIST---- WH... WHAT! THE CUFF LINKS!
2
THINGS TAKE ON A GRAVE ASPECT!
IT'S A FRAME-UP! MY ACCUSER IS A --- NEVER MIND, I SEE HE'S SKIPPED! BUT MY CREDENTIALS WILL.... WHY MY BILLFOLD'S GONE!
SORRY, UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES I'LL HAVE TO CALL THE POLICE!

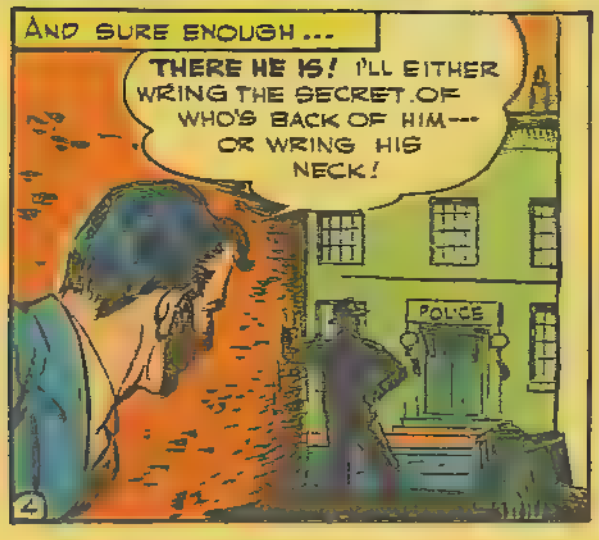
FOR REASONS OF HIS OWN, CONGO BILL REMAINS TIGHT-LIPPED, SEEKING NO AID
AND THUS A SCANT HALF HOUR LATER....
CLEVER WORK! THEY SHADOW ME --- CAN'T LEARN ANYTHING --- FRAME ME --- STEAL MY CREDENTIALS --- AND ARE NOW UNDOUBTEDLY WATCHING OUTSIDE TO LEARN WHO HIRED ME, BY TRAILING THE LAWYER THE FIRM SENDS!
WELL, I'VE BALKED THEM BY REFUSING TO TALK OR CALL THE FIRM --- BUT WAIT! I CAN PRETEND I WANT TO PHONE, AND---
SO YOU FINALLY DECIDED TO GET IN TOUCH WITH A LAWYER?
IS THIS THE PHONE I'M TO USE?
SUDDENLY..!
BELIEVE ME, I HATE TO DO THIS....
N BOARD
.... BUT I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE MY OWN WAY....
... AND I PROMISE TO COME BACK LATER AND EXPLAIN!
3
WING HIM!
TO THE MOTORCYCLES YOU DUNCES!
NOW FOR THE REAR EXIT INTO THE NEXT BLOCK!

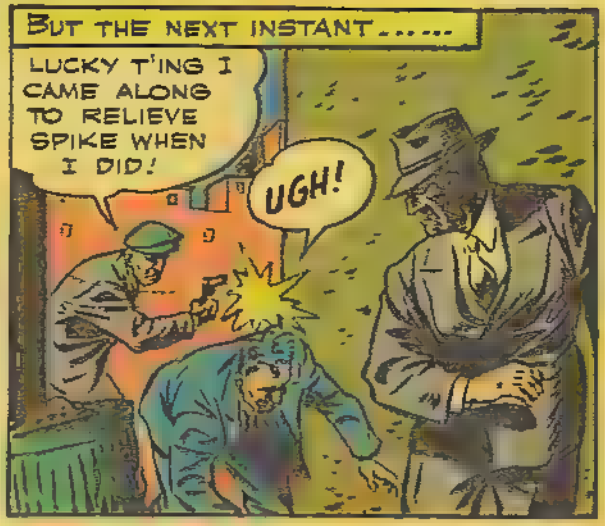

I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO SHAKE THEM!
HALT!
THE ALARM'S OUT. HE CAN'T GET AWAY!
DRUGS


AH! THAT ABANDONED CONSTRUCTION JOB!
CONSTRUCTION ABANDONED LABOR DISPUTE

THEY'RE ROUNDING THE CORNER! IF THIS HOIST IS ONLY WORKING, I'VE GOT A CHANCE!

NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON....
THAT WAS CLOSE! NOW TO BACK-TRACK AND SEE IF MY SHADOW IS STILL KEEPING WATCH ON THE JAIL!
RUCTION
ANDONED
LABOR
ISPUTE


AND SURE ENOUGH...
THERE HE IS! I'LL EITHER WRING THE SECRET OF WHO'S BACK OF HIM--- OR WRING HIS NECK!
POLICE
4


BUT THE NEXT INSTANT.....
LUCKY T'ING I CAME ALONG TO RELIEVE SPIKE WHEN I DID!
UGH!

QUICK! G.T H.M OUTTA HERE!
PRETENDING TO BE UNCONSCIOUS IS AS GOOD A PLAN AS ANY! THEY'LL TAKE ME TO THEIR HOLE --- THE RATS!
KEEP YER SHIRT ON! NO ONE'S AROUND!
WHY THIS PLACE S SCARCELY HALF A BLOCK FROM THE POLICE STATION!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE OLD MANS GOIN' TO SAY!
WE DIDN'T HAVE NO CHOICE, DO WE?
BOSS, HE-- HE GOT OUTTA JAIL SOMEHOW, AN' WE-- WE....
YES, YES, YOU "PERSUADED" HIM TO COME WITH YOU! ITS JUST AS WELL! WE'LL "PERSUADE" HIM TO DIVULGE THE INFORMATION WE WANT, AND GO NORTH AT ONCE TO WAIT FOR THE GUARD THE FIRM REPLACES HIM WITH!
GET UP!
HA, HA, THE BOSS KNOWS HOW TO BRING 'EM TO!
NO USE STALLING LONGER.
WH.. WHERE AM I?
AGAIN ON HIS FEET, THE LONE CAPTIVE IS GIVEN A GRUESOME CHOICE.....
AND NOW, CONGO BILL, TELL ME WHO'S HIRING YOU HERE IN METRO CITY AND YOUR END WILL BE MERCIFUL BY THIS GUN! OTHERWISE, IT'S THE FURNACE... ALIVE!
MY ANSWER IS....
THIS!
DAT GITS HIM!
5

BUT THE SHOVEL SOMEWHAT DEFLECTS THE DIRECT IMPACT OF THE OTHERWISE DEADLY JOLT.....
UGH! WH.....WHAT! THE SHOVEL!
AND BEFORE THE NEFARIOUS GROUP CAN GATHER THEIR WITS.....
IF YOU WANT TO PLAY WITH FIRE....
... HERE'S SOME TO PLAY WITH!
OWW! THE COAL IS SCORCHIN' ME T' PIECES!
HAVE FUN, BOYS! THERE'S A WHOLE FURNACE FULL!
YOWW!
THEN, JUST AT THE MOST OPPORTUNE MOMENT....
WE HEARD A SHOT --- WH... WHAT!
IT'S BALDY AND HIS GANG, HOLED UP RIGHT UNDER THE NOSE OF HEADQUARTERS!
AND IN A MATTER OF SECONDS.....
SERGEANT, MY APOLOGIES FOR THAT SOCK ON THE JAW. YOU SEE.....
YOU'VE SPIKED BALDY AND HIS FUR THIEVES! THEY'RE SLIPPERY AND YOU HAD TO BE SLIPPERY TO NAIL THEM! BESIDES, HERE'S YOUR BILLFOLD, PROVING YOUR IDENTITY. THEY DROPPED IT IN THE SCUFFLE!
THUS, LATER IN THE DAY.....
SO YOU'VE RID METRO CITY OF BALDY AND HIS GANG. YOU OUGHT TO BE DECORATED! HE WAS ESPECIALLY VICIOUS BECAUSE HE WAS A TRULY CULTURED MAN, FALLEN ON EVIL WAYS!
I'LL SETTLE FOR A CHANCE TO SEE THE SIGHTS OF METRO CITY BEFORE I GO NORTH!
THE END

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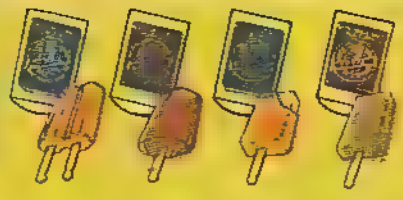
Set the "Mystic Pointer" in center of magic wheel and presto! . . . it spins by itself, without anyone touching it, to right answer on quiz card 12 sets of quiz cards included. Premium #147 . 350 bags, or 50¢ and 150 bags.



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ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN

THE HISS OF SWIFT AND SILENT DEATH LANCES DOWN OUT OF THE SKY... AND PEOPLE CRINGE IN FEAR BEFORE ITS INVISIBLE DARTS! ONLY ZATARA, THE MAN OF MANY MAGICS, DARES TO COMBAT THIS STABBING TERROR! THERE'S KNAVERY IN THE AIR... AND SKULKING FIGURES ON THE GROUND.. AS THE PEERLESS MAGICIAN CHALLENGES.

"THE STING OF DEATH!"

ZATARA COMES EARLY TO THE HOUSE PARTY OF AN OLD FRIEND...

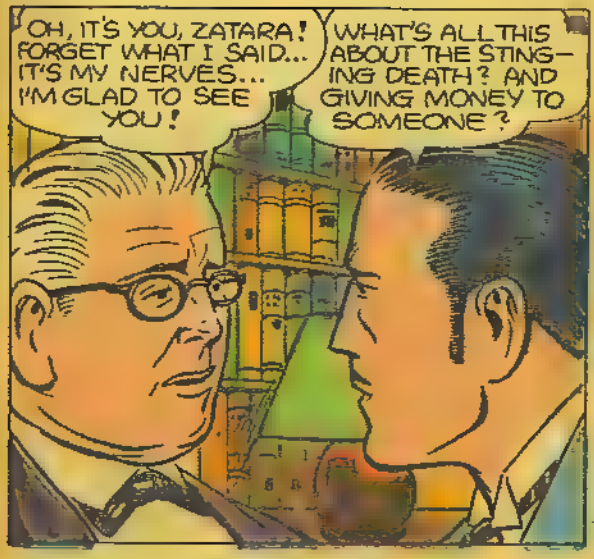
HAVEN'T SEEN DICK PACK IN YEARS.. AND YOU'RE A NEW BUTLER, AREN'T YOU?

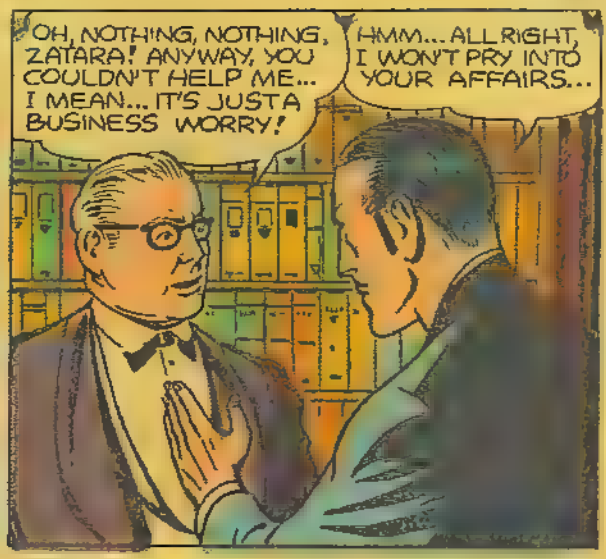
YES, SIR! THE MASTER IS IN THE LIBRARY... YOU'RE THE FIRST GUEST, SIR!

HIS FOOTSTEPS MUFFLED IN THE THICK RUG, ZATARA COMES ACROSS THE ROOM— UNHEARD AND UNSEEN...

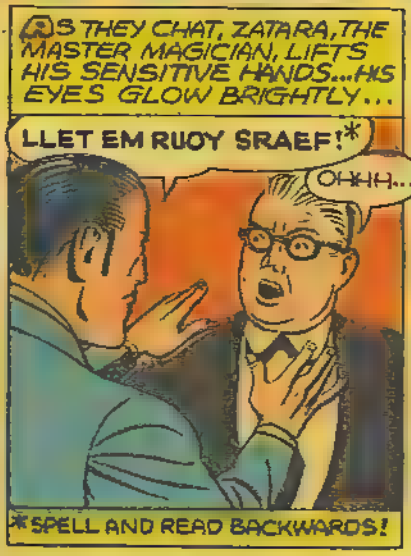
HELLO, DICK, OLD PAL! WHY... WHAT IS IT?

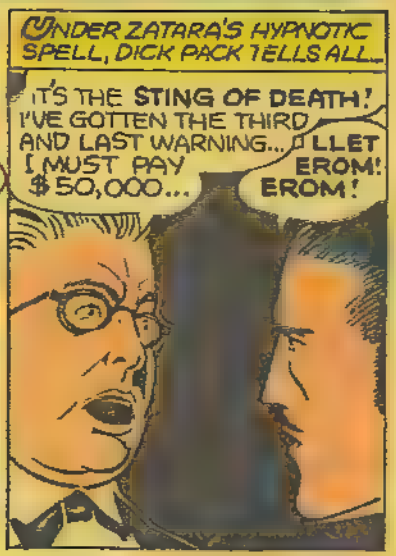
THE STINGING DEATH! IT'S COME! DON'T KILL ME... I'LL GIVE YOU THE MONEY...

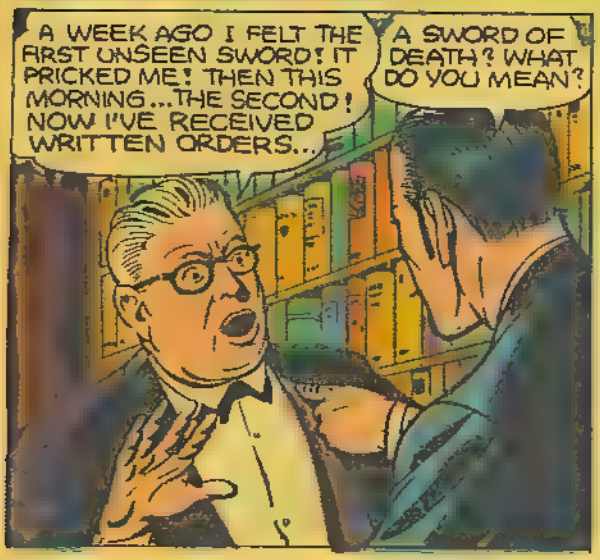

OH, IT'S YOU, ZATARA! FORGET WHAT I SAID... IT'S MY NERVES... I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU!
WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT THE STING-ING DEATH? AND GIVING MONEY TO SOMEONE?

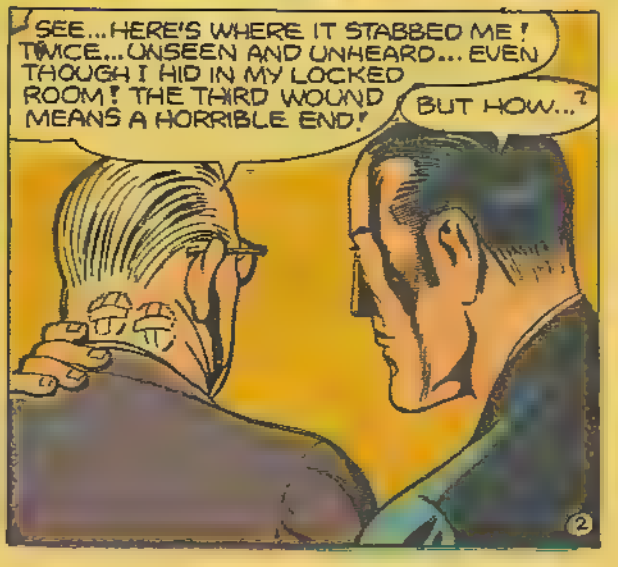

OH, NOTHING, NOTHING, ZATARA! ANYWAY, YOU COULDN'T HELP ME... I MEAN... IT'S JUST A BUSINESS WORRY!
HMM... ALL RIGHT, I WON'T PRY INTO YOUR AFFAIRS...

DICK'S TOO HONEST TO LIE WELL... HE'S HIDING SOMETHING! I'LL HAVE TO GET HIM TO REVEAL IT IN SPITE OF HIMSELF!


AS THEY CHAT, ZATARA, THE MASTER MAGICIAN, LIFTS HIS SENSITIVE HANDS... HIS EYES GLOW BRIGHTLY...
LLET EM RUOY SRAEF!*
OH*H...
*SPELL AND READ BACKWARDS!


UNDER ZATARA'S HYPNOTIC SPELL, DICK PACK TELLS ALL...
IT'S THE STING OF DEATH! I'VE GOTTEN THE THIRD AND LAST WARNING... I MUST PAY $50,000...
LLET EROM! EROM!

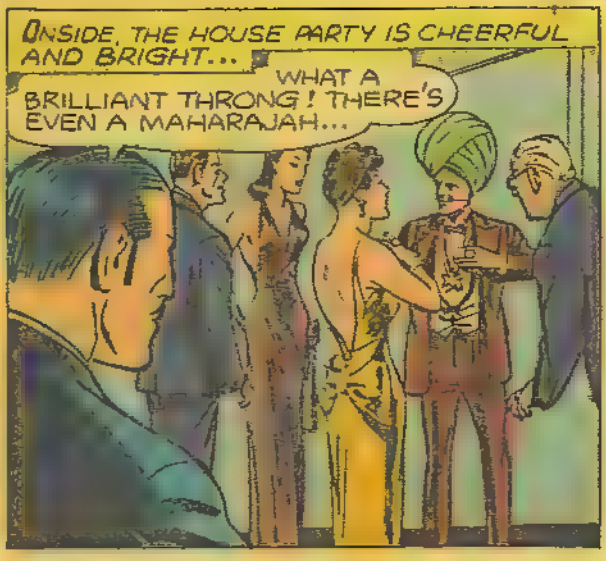

A WEEK AGO I FELT THE FIRST UNSEEN SWORD! IT PRICKED ME! THEN THIS MORNING... THE SECOND! NOW I'VE RECEIVED WRITTEN ORDERS...
A SWORD OF DEATH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

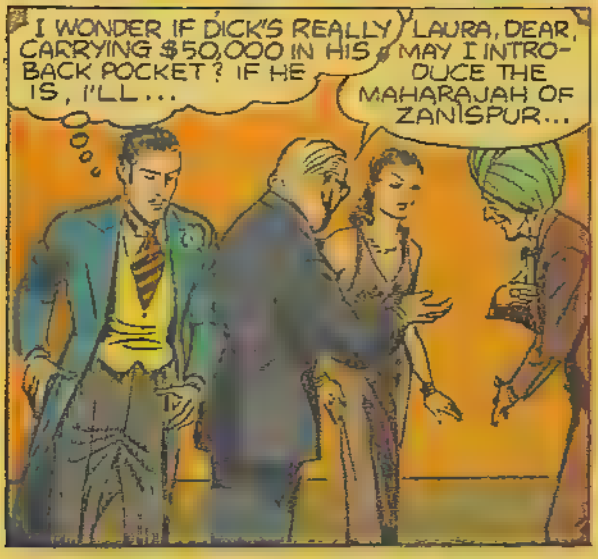

SEE... HERE'S WHERE IT STABBED ME! TWICE... UNSEEN AND UNHEARD... EVEN THOUGH I HID IN MY LOCKED ROOM! THE THIRD WOUND MEANS A HORRIBLE END!
BUT HOW...?
2

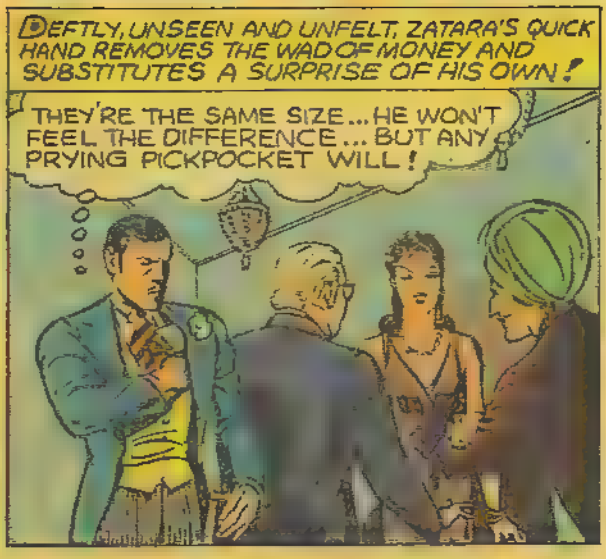
I DARE NOT FIGHT AGAINST IT, ZATARA! I RECEIVED A NOTE WITH INSTRUCTIONS! I AM TO PUT $50,000 IN MY BACK POCKET TONIGHT! ONLY SO CAN I ESCAPE THE MORTAL STING!
HMMM! REAL DEATH NEVER ASKS A RANSOM...
THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN DICK KNOWS! HE'S CRAZED WITH FRIGHT! I'LL RELEASE HIM FROM MY SPELL, BUT KEEP ON THE ALERT... EB FLESRUOY!
OHHH!
WHA...WHAT DID YOU SAY? MY MIND MUST HAVE WANDERED FOR A SECOND...
I SAID I THINK YOUR HOUSE GUESTS ARE BEGINNING TO ARRIVE...
BUT MENACE IS HIDING IN THE DARK FOLDS OF A SHIELDING CURTAIN...
I'M SURE PACK'S BLABBED TOO MUCH! GOT TO FIX THAT!
MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME, ZATARA, WHILE I GREET MY GUESTS!
I'LL HAVE A LOOK ABOUT... THERE MUST BE SOME SOLID CLUE TO DICK'S STRANGE FEARS...
MEANWHILE, BY THE GARDEN POOL, MENACING SHADOWS MASS...
ALL RIGHT! DON'T WORRY! HE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT HIM! OUR SECRET'S SAFE!
I THOUGHT I HEARD A BRANCH SNAP...

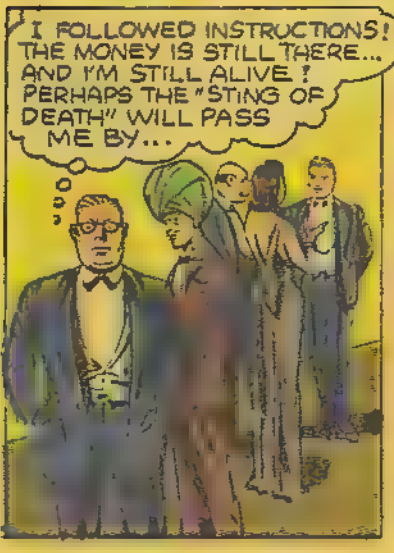
WARNED BY SOME SAVING SEVENTH SENSE, ZATARA WHIRLS IN TIME!
SO DEATH CARRIES A CLUB INSTEAD OF A SHARP SCYTHE, EH?
OOOFFF! WE ALL MISSED!
RUSH HIM! FAST!
ENUTPEN! ESU RUOY RAEPS!
AND AS WATER AND STONE OBEY ZATARA'S MAGIC COMMANDS..
I'VE NEVER USED THIS TRIDENT... IT'S NICE AND SHARP!
AND HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOU, POOR FISH!
HEY... D'S AIN'T MEATLESS TUESDAY!
COME ON IN, BOYS! THE WATER'S COLD!
YOUCH! LEMME OUT!
TSK! TSK! YOU'VE GOT PINS IN YOUR PANTS!
IT'S ZATARA... NO WONDER WE'RE SEEIN' THINGS!
I'M FEELIN' 'EM... SCRAMMM!
SEUTATS EB ENOTS NIAGA! RETAW TSER!

HMMM! THEY MIGHT'VE BEEN JUST PROWLING PETTY THIEVES... BUT ANYWAY, I'D BETTER KEEP MY EYE ON DICK PACK... AND HIS GUESTS...


INSIDE, THE HOUSE PARTY IS CHEERFUL AND BRIGHT...
WHAT A BRILLIANT THRONG! THERE'S EVEN A MAHARAJAH...

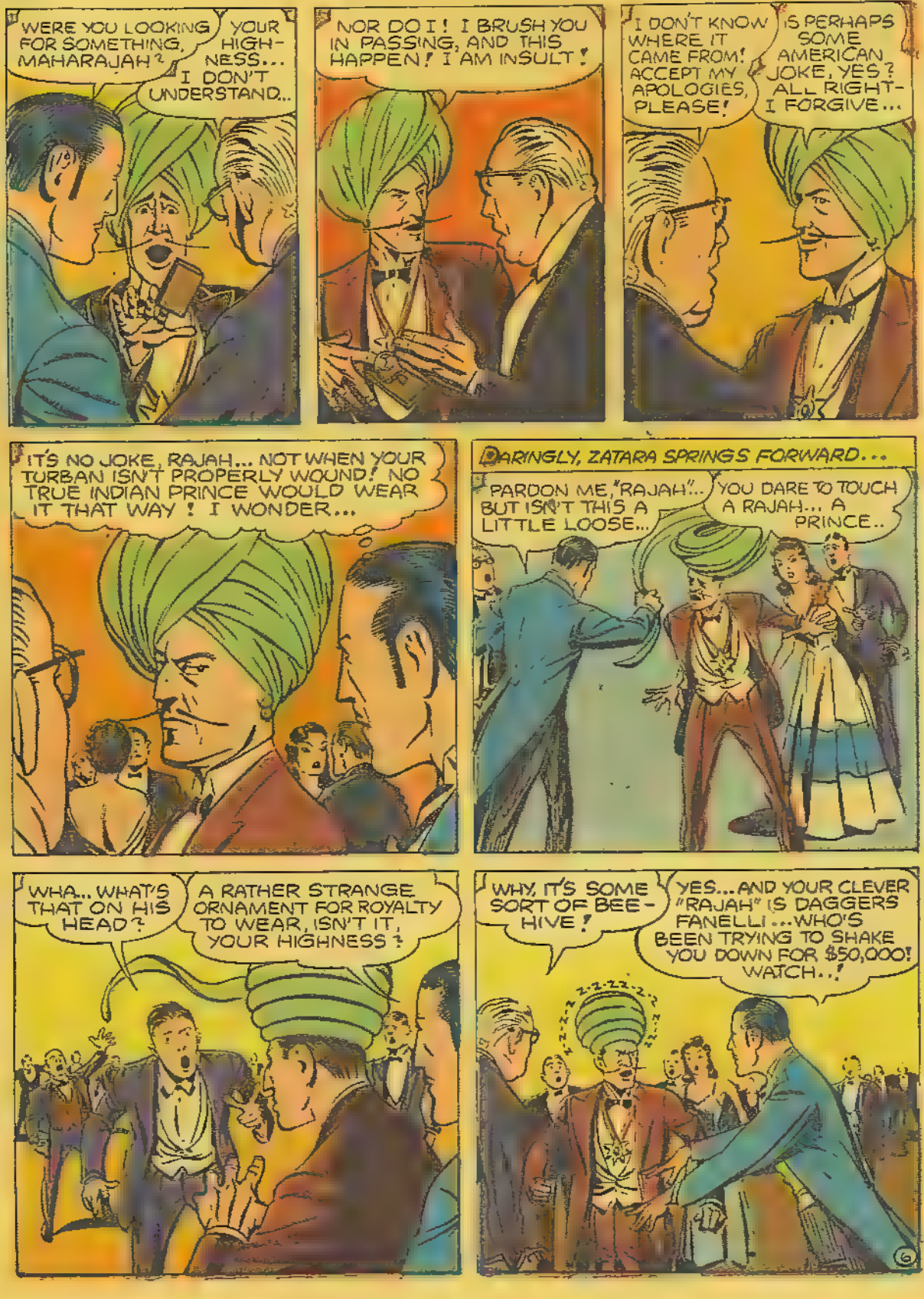

I WONDER IF DICK'S REALLY CARRYING $50,000 IN HIS BACK POCKET? IF HE IS, I'LL...
LAURA, DEAR, MAY I INTRODUCE THE MAHARAJAH OF ZANISPUR...

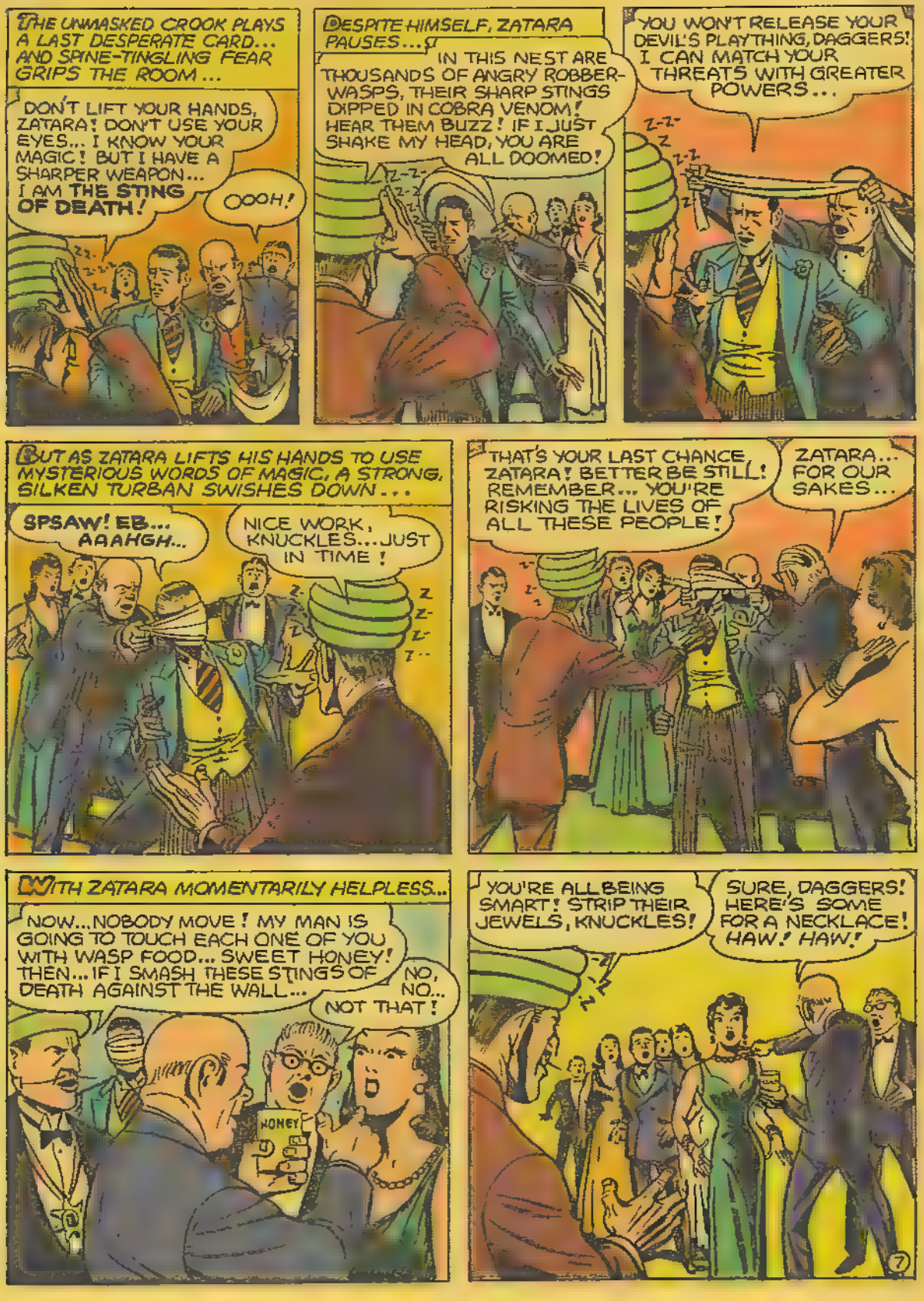

DEFTLY, UNSEEN AND UNFELT, ZATARA'S QUICK HAND REMOVES THE WAD OF MONEY AND SUBSTITUTES A SURPRISE OF HIS OWN!
THEY'RE THE SAME SIZE... HE WON'T FEEL THE DIFFERENCE... BUT ANY PRYING PICKPOCKET WILL!


I FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS! THE MONEY IS STILL THERE... AND I'M STILL ALIVE! PERHAPS THE "STING OF DEATH" WILL PASS ME BY...

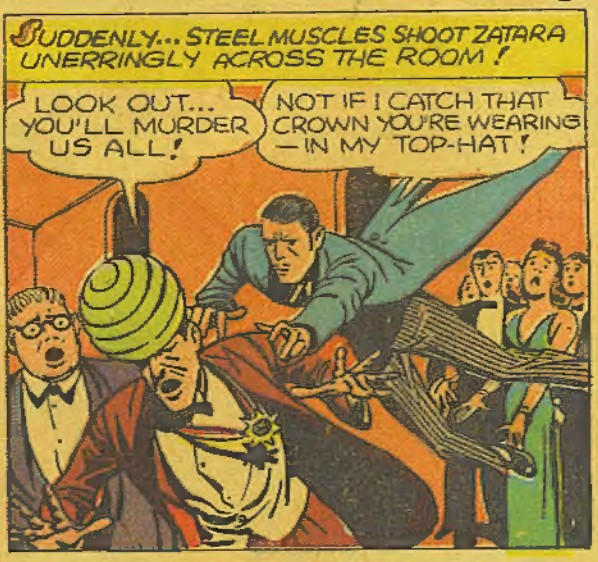
SUDDENLY...
YOUR HIGHNESS! WHA—?
SNAP!
OWW!

YOUR HAND... WHAT'S ON IT?
AHA! MAYBE MY LITTLE MOUSE-TRAP CAUGHT A BIG RAT!


WERE YOU LOOKING FOR SOMETHING, MAHARAJAH?
YOUR HIGHNESS... I DON'T UNDERSTAND..
NOR DO I! I BRUSH YOU IN PASSING, AND THIS HAPPEN! I AM INSULT!
I DON'T KNOW WHERE IT CAME FROM! ACCEPT MY APOLOGIES, PLEASE!
IS PERHAPS SOME AMERICAN JOKE, YES? ALL RIGHT- I FORGIVE...
IT'S NO JOKE, RAJAH... NOT WHEN YOUR TURBAN ISN'T PROPERLY WOUND! NO TRUE INDIAN PRINCE WOULD WEAR IT THAT WAY! I WONDER...
DARINGLY, ZATARA SPRINGS FORWARD...
PARDON ME, "RAJAH"... BUT ISN'T THIS A LITTLE LOOSE...
YOU DARE TO TOUCH A RAJAH... A PRINCE..
WHA... WHAT'S THAT ON HIS HEAD?
A RATHER STRANGE ORNAMENT FOR ROYALTY TO WEAR, ISN'T IT, YOUR HIGHNESS?
WHY, IT'S SOME SORT OF BEE-HIVE!
YES... AND YOUR CLEVER "RAJAH" IS DAGGERS FANELLI ...WHO'S BEEN TRYING TO SHAKE YOU DOWN FOR $50,000! WATCH..!
Z-Z-Z-


THE UNMASKED CROOK PLAYS A LAST DESPERATE CARD... AND SPINE-TINGLING FEAR GRIPS THE ROOM...
DON'T LIFT YOUR HANDS, ZATARA! DON'T USE YOUR EYES... I KNOW YOUR MAGIC! BUT I HAVE A SHARPER WEAPON... I AM THE STING OF DEATH!
OOOH!
DESPITE HIMSELF, ZATARA PAUSES...
IN THIS NEST ARE THOUSANDS OF ANGRY ROBBER-WASPS, THEIR SHARP STINGS DIPPED IN COBRA VENOM! HEAR THEM BUZZ! IF I JUST SHAKE MY HEAD, YOU ARE ALL DOOMED!
YOU WON'T RELEASE YOUR DEVIL'S PLAYTHING, DAGGERS! I CAN MATCH YOUR THREATS WITH GREATER POWERS...
BUT AS ZATARA LIFTS HIS HANDS TO USE MYSTERIOUS WORDS OF MAGIC, A STRONG, SILKEN TURBAN SWISHES DOWN...
SPSAW! EB... AAAHGH...
NICE WORK, KNUCKLES... JUST IN TIME!
THAT'S YOUR LAST CHANCE ZATARA! BETTER BE STILL! REMEMBER... YOU'RE RISKING THE LIVES OF ALL THESE PEOPLE!
ZATARA... FOR OUR SAKES...
WITH ZATARA MOMENTARILY HELPLESS...
NOW... NOBODY MOVE! MY MAN IS GOING TO TOUCH EACH ONE OF YOU WITH WASP FOOD... SWEET HONEY! THEN... IF I SMASH THESE STINGS OF DEATH AGAINST THE WALL...
NO, NO... NOT THAT!
HONEY
YOU'RE ALL BEING SMART! STRIP THEIR JEWELS, KNUCKLES!
SURE, DAGGERS! HERE'S SOME FOR A NECKLACE! HAW! HAW!

MEANWHILE, ZATARA'S HANDS AND EYES AND THOUGHTS SMOLDER BENEATH THE SILKEN SHROUD THAT MASKS HIS MAGIC...
I'VE GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE ... I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE HE IS BY THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE...
YOU SHOULDA LEFT THAT FIFTY GRAND IN YOUR POCKET, PACK... JUST AS I ORDERED IN MY SPIRIT NOTES! HAW! HAW!


SUDDENLY... STEEL MUSCLES SHOOT ZATARA UNERRINGLY ACROSS THE ROOM!
LOOK OUT... YOU'LL MURDER US ALL!
NOT IF I CATCH THAT CROWN YOU'RE WEARING — IN MY TOP-HAT!

AND INTO THE MAGIC HAT THAT CAN PRODUCE LIVE RABBITS, GO THE POISON STINGS OF DEATH...
PSAW TSEN RAEPPASID!

HERE, DAGGERS... STICK THIS ON YOUR CHIN! IT'S A LITTLE HARDER THAN AN ILLUSION!
OOW!
SLOCK!

I'VE BEEN A SCARED FOOL, BUT NO MORE! HERE, SPY... CAN YOU SEE THIS?
OOWW! NOT WITH A BLACK EYE I CAN'T!

WITH EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL, ZATARA EXPLAINS...
SO YOU SEE, THOSE THREATENING NOTES FROM THE "STING OF DEATH" WERE PLACED HERE BY YOUR BUTLER!
BUT I WAS REALLY STUNG TWICE...

SURE! THAT BUTLER WOULD TOUCH YOU WITH HONEY WHEN HE HELD YOUR COAT... AND THEN HE'D RELEASE A WASP IN THE ROOM...
AND MY SUPERSTI-TIOUS FEARS BLINDED ME TO THE SIMPLE TRUTH... BUT YOU GOT IN THE LAST STING, ZATARA! THANKS A MILLION!

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Two amazing new planes in the official Jack Armstrong series of rival fighters. The carrier-based Fairey Fulmar, speed king of the British Navy. And the Heinkel-113, deadly, nose-cannoned fighter of the Nazi Luftwaffe.

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You build these planes yourself from special cover stock material. The plane designs are drawn to characteristic proportion, clearly and expertly marked for cutting and gluing. Even the *hollow fuselages* are easy to construct.

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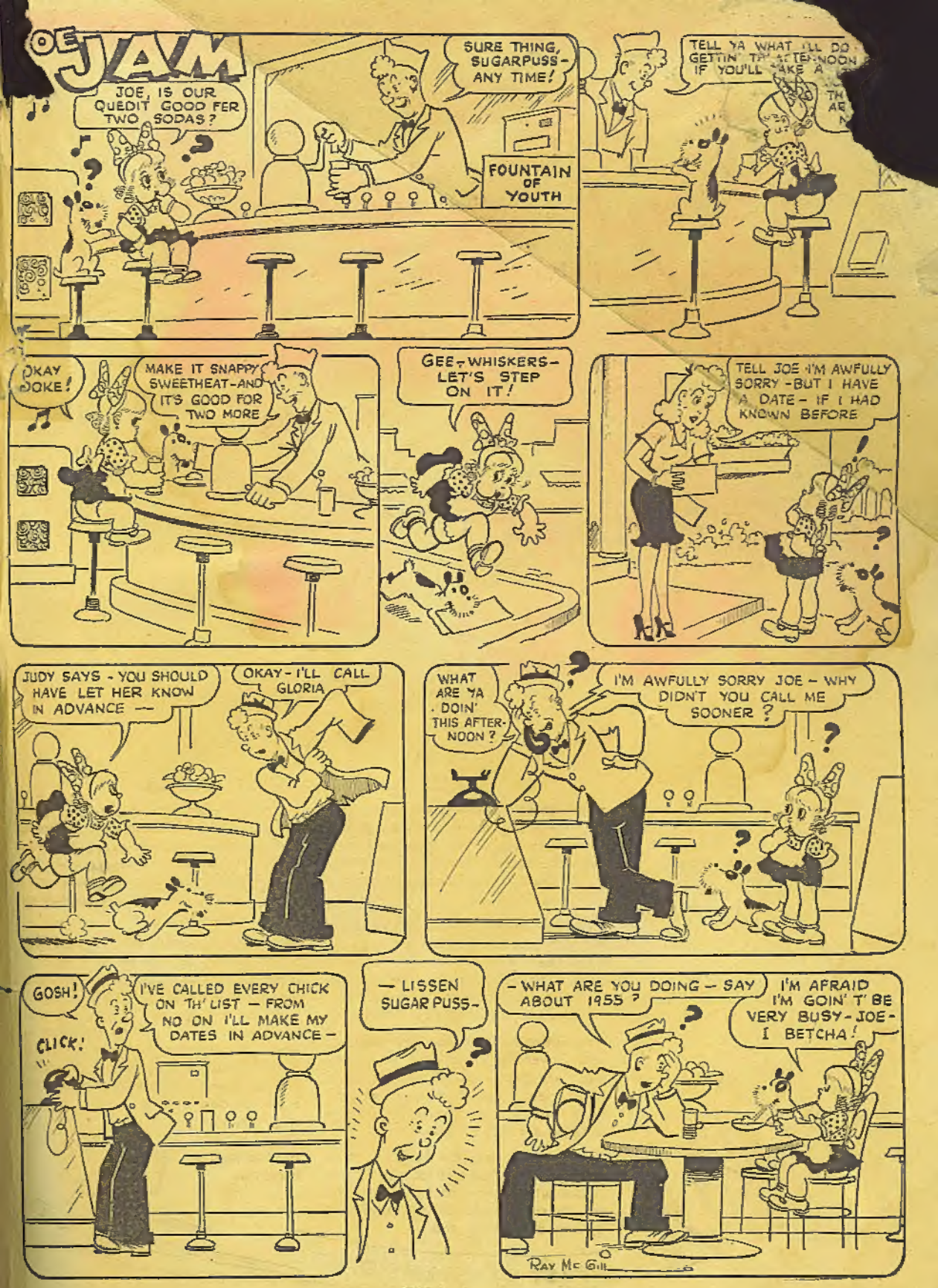
"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

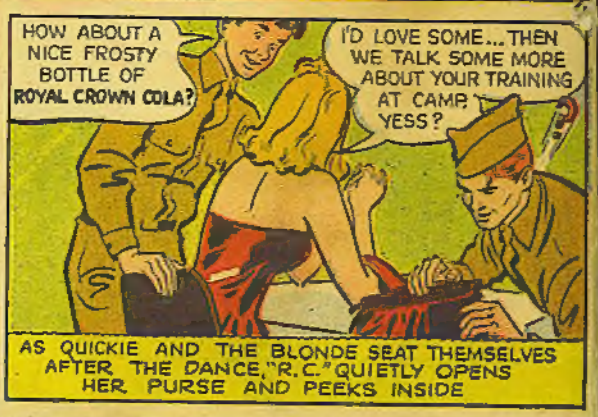
WITH MILK AND FRUIT


OE JAM
JOE, IS OUR QUEDIT GOOD FER TWO SODAS?
SURE THING, SUGARPUSS - ANY TIME!
FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH
TELL YA WHAT I'LL DO GETTIN' TH' AFTER-NOON IF YOU'LL TAKE A
OKAY JOKE!
MAKE IT SNAPPY SWEETHEAT - AND IT'S GOOD FOR TWO MORE
GEE - WHISKERS - LET'S STEP ON IT!
TELL JOE I'M AWFULLY SORRY - BUT I HAVE A DATE - IF I HAD KNOWN BEFORE
JUDY SAYS - YOU SHOULD HAVE LET HER KNOW IN ADVANCE —
OKAY - I'LL CALL GLORIA
WHAT ARE YA DOIN' THIS AFTER-NOON?
I'M AWFULLY SORRY JOE - WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL ME SOONER?
GOSH!
CLICK!
I'VE CALLED EVERY CHICK ON TH' LIST — FROM NO ON I'LL MAKE MY DATES IN ADVANCE —
— LISSEN SUGAR PUSS -
— WHAT ARE YOU DOING — SAY ABOUT 1955?
I'M AFRAID I'M GOIN' T' BE VERY BUSY - JOE - I BETCHA!
RAY McGILL

...VENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

...E MYSTERIOUS BLONDE
LOOK WHO'S COMING, QUICKIE—AND SHE'S HEADING FOR YOU!
THE BOYS, "R.C." AND QUICKIE, ARE ENJOYING THEMSELVES AT THE USO CENTER...WHEN A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE APPROACHES THEIR TABLE

SURE IS A BIG POCKET-BOOK THAT GAL IS CARRYING AROUND. TOO BIG FOR DANCING—AND THAT ACCENT... I WONDER...
HOW MANY SOLDIERS IN YOUR CAMP, LEEDLE MAN?
WELL, IT'S A MIGHTY BIG CAMP, MA'AM...


HOW ABOUT A NICE FROSTY BOTTLE OF ROYAL CROWN COLA?
I'D LOVE SOME... THEN WE TALK SOME MORE ABOUT YOUR TRAINING AT CAMP, YESS?
AS QUICKIE AND THE BLONDE SEAT THEMSELVES AFTER THE DANCE, "R.C." QUIETLY OPENS HER PURSE AND PEEKS INSIDE

WELL, I'LL BE!... AN AUTOMATIC—AND A NOTEBOOK FULL OF TROOP INFORMATION! GRAB HER, QUICKIE! SHE'S MAKING A GETAWAY!
ACH, HIMMEL! I MUST ESCAPE!

NICE WORK, BOYS—WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR A SUSPICIOUS DAME WITH A FORGED USO PASS FOR A LONG TIME
SCHWEINHUND! LET GO OF ME!
TAKE IT EASY, SISTER! I DON'T SOCK LADIES, BUT I MIGHT SOCK YOU!

WHEN IT COMES TO DAMES, I'M NOT SO SMART!
BUT YOU'RE SMART, QUICKIE, IF YOU DRINK ROYAL CROWN COLA!
YES, SIR! IT'S THE BEST-TASTING COLA OF THEM ALL!

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